



# MAD

GETS NUTTY OVER GREED

NO. 26  
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COVER ART FOR MAD #145  
ORIGINALY PUBLISHED, SEP 1971  
ARTIST NORMAN MINGO



SEVENTY YEARS OF HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

# MAD

NO. 26 AUGUST 2022

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

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**CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS** The Usual Gang of Idiots

**INSIDE BACK COVER** A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

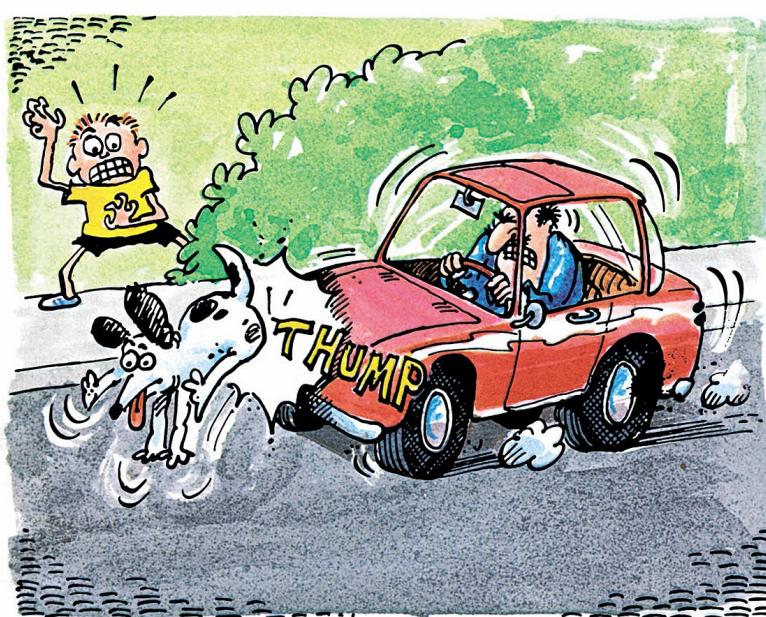
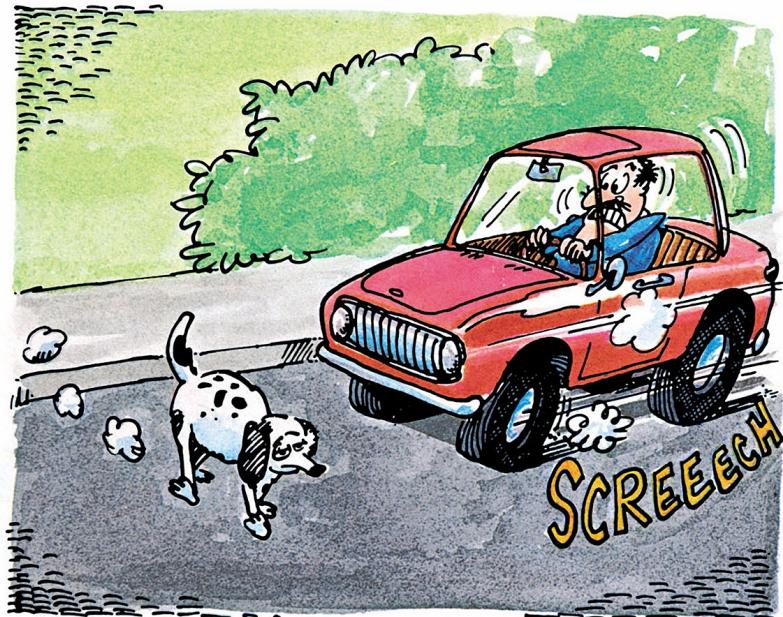
**VARIOUS PLACES** Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragónés

**COVER ARTIST** Mark Fredrickson

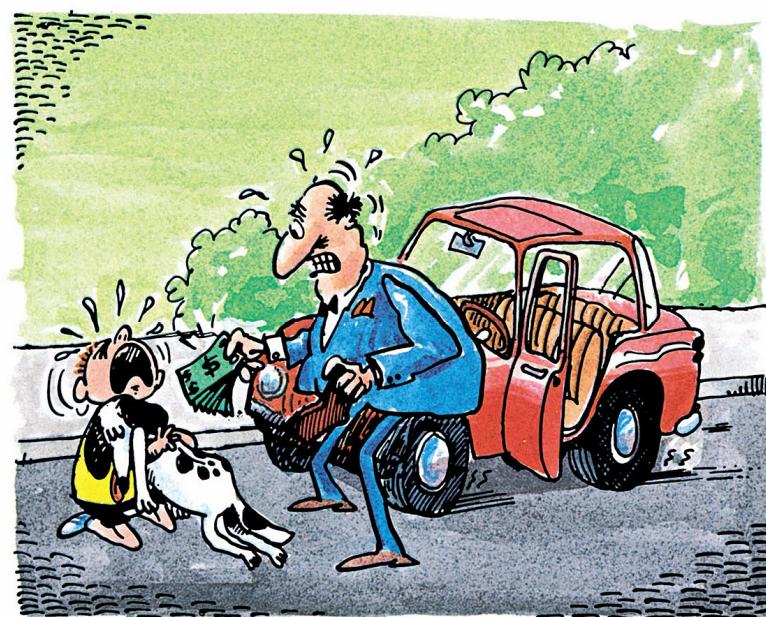
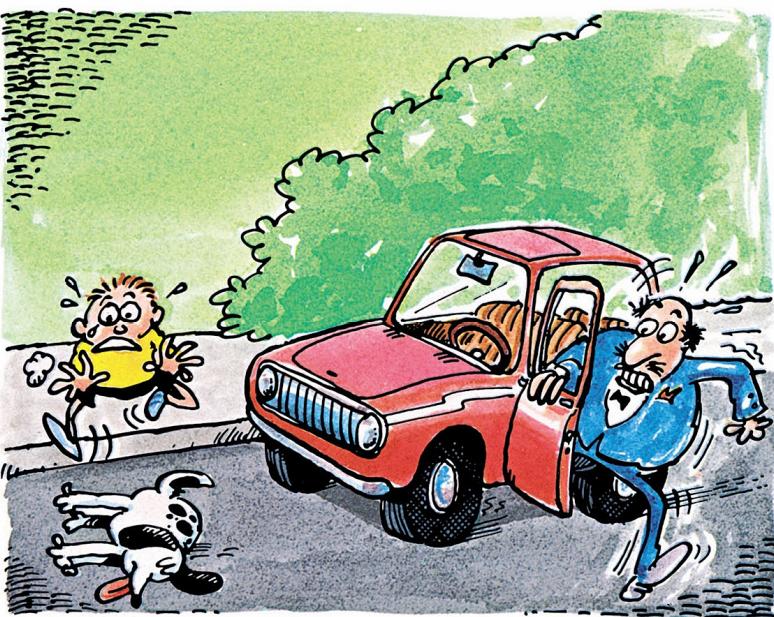
The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

Norman Ming

# DOG GONE DOLLARS



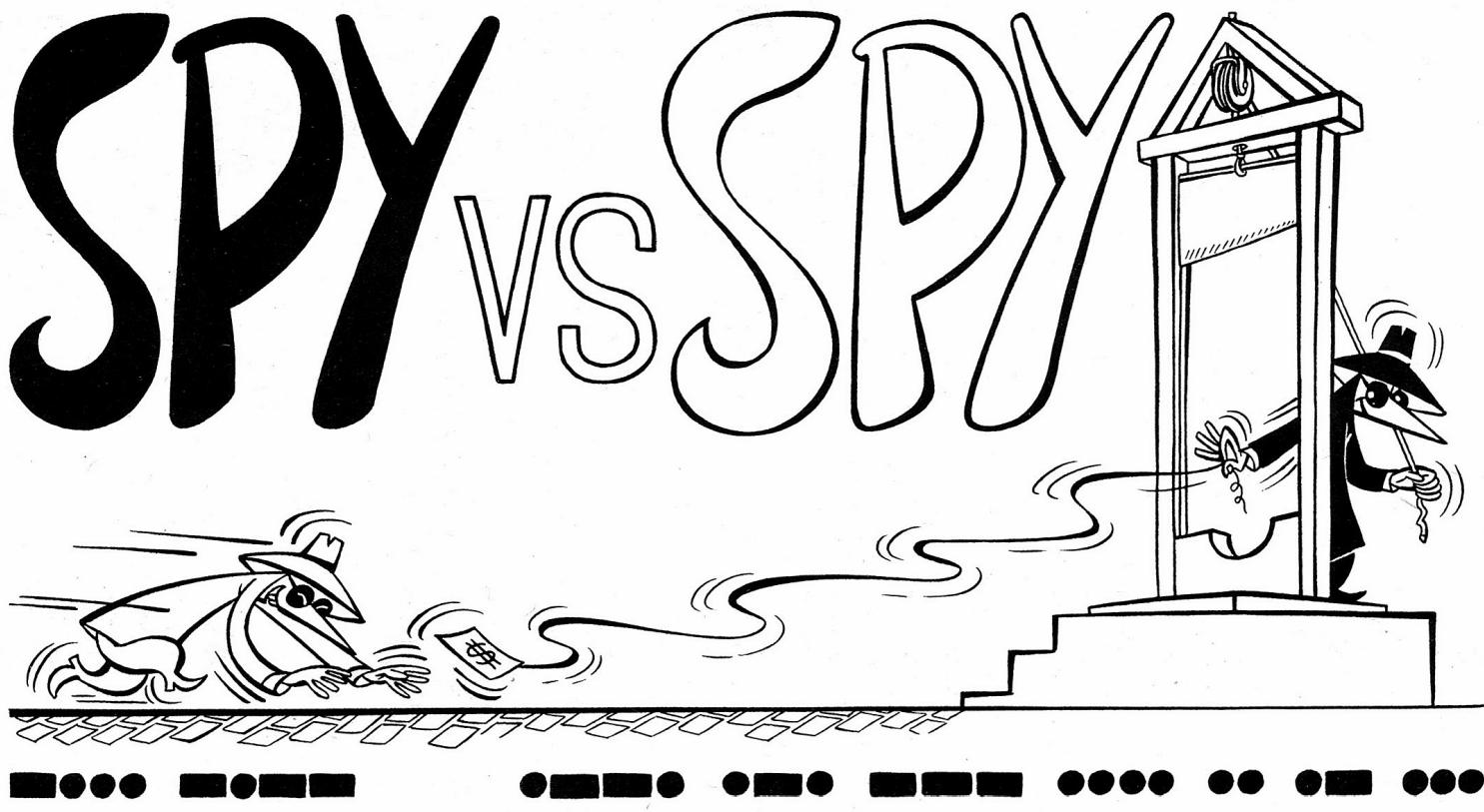
WRITER & ARTIST SERGIO ARAGONÉS





JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.

Antonio Prohias is a famous Cuban artist who defied the censorship of the Castro regime with anti-Communist cartoons—until he was forced to flee Havana with his life. Now, he graces MAD with his cartoon sequence of friendly rivalry called—



WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS





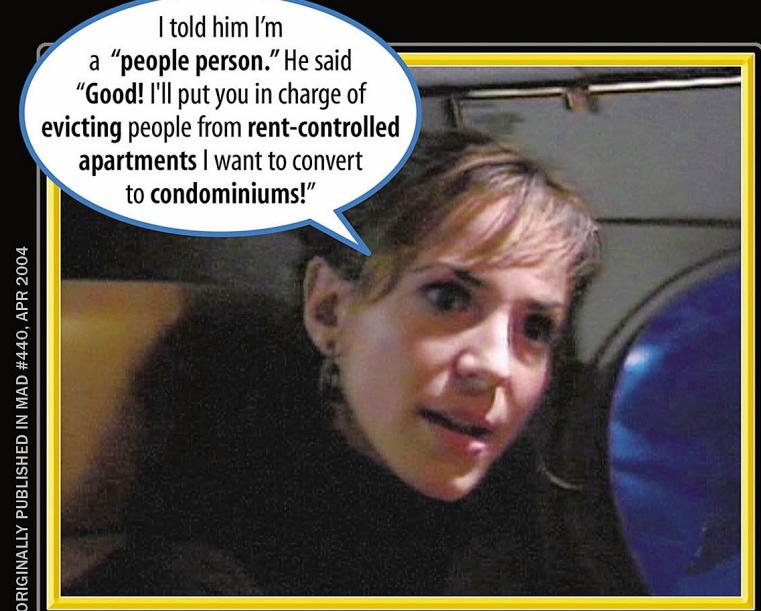
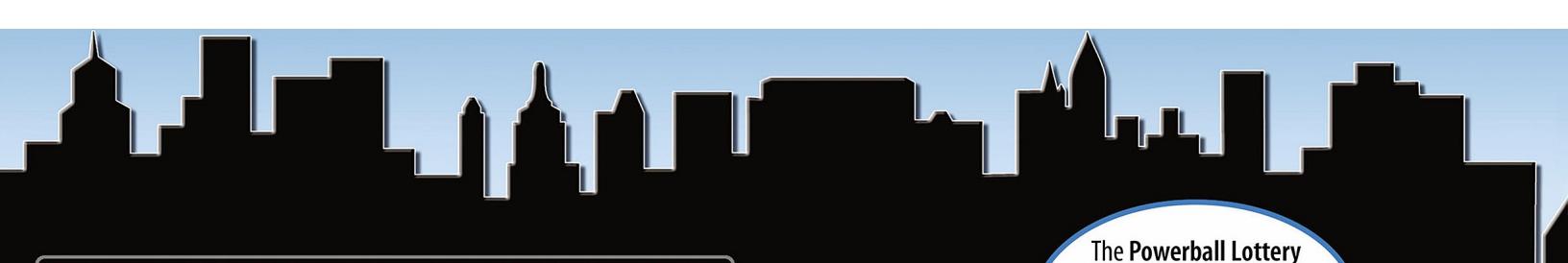
DONALD YUCK DEPT.

# MAD's TRUMPED-UP SCENES FROM THE APPRENTICE



Now, when I was starting out, there was no one to hand me anything on a silver platter — well, unless you count my Dad, one of the biggest land developers on Long Island!







## YOU'RE EXPIRED! DEPT.

When *The Apprentice* turned into *Celebrity Apprentice*, they only forgot one itty-bitty thing. Celebrities! Last season's washed-up wannabes and barely-weres packed all the star wattage of a sputtering bug zapper. Mr. Donald Trump is a man accustomed to the best in life. Therefore, any celebrity project bearing the Trump name should reflect the unforgettable, shared moments of human culture. The Roman Empire! The Renaissance! Shaving Vince McMahon's head on pay-per-view! So don't ask how it's happened, just root for the history-making superstars as they fight to become...

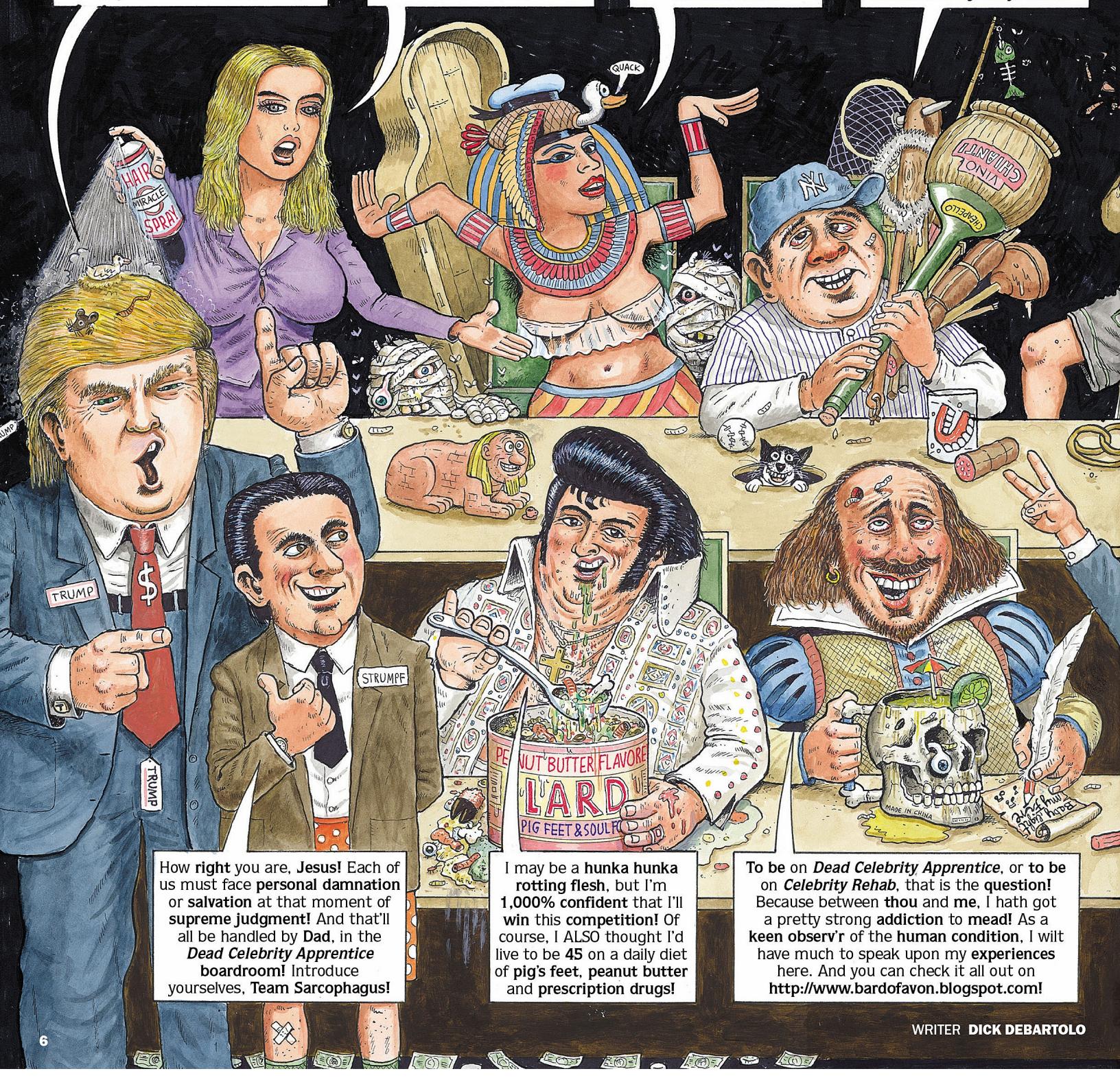
# THE DEAD

I'm Donald Trump, welcoming you to the Trump Boardroom of the Trump Organization, atop magnificent Trump Tower! This is my oily son, Donald Trump Jr., and my waxy daughter, Ivanka Trump! Trump Trump Trump, Trumpty Trumptrumprum! Let the fruit of my groinal Trumpatozoa fill you in with the details!

Don't let my slack, inert face fool you! On the inside, I'm a seething cauldron of emotion! And last season's cast of mediocrities made me sick! That's why we spared no expense to pervert genetic science in a deeply obscene way! Presenting the members of Team Zombie!

Bow to Cleopatra! As Queen of Egypt, I held unimaginable power! And my millions of subjects treated my every utterance as the received wisdom of a living god. Think Oprah, but without the Book Club!

They called me the Babe! The Bambino! The Sultan of Swat! I'm fat enough for three nicknames! I led my teams to ten World Series! I only wish they had steroids back then. I could have won twenty championships! Including the Kentucky Derby! And not as a jockey, either!



How right you are, Jesus! Each of us must face personal damnation or salvation at that moment of supreme judgment! And that'll all be handled by Dad, in the *Dead Celebrity Apprentice* boardroom! Introduce yourselves, Team Sarcophagus!

I may be a hunka hunka rotting flesh, but I'm 1,000% confident that I'll win this competition! Of course, I ALSO thought I'd live to be 45 on a daily diet of pig's feet, peanut butter and prescription drugs!

To be on *Dead Celebrity Apprentice*, or to be on *Celebrity Rehab*, that is the question! Because between thou and me, I hath got a pretty strong addiction to mead! As a keen observ'r of the human condition, I wilt have much to speak upon my experiences here. And you can check it all out on <http://www.bardofavon.blogspot.com>!

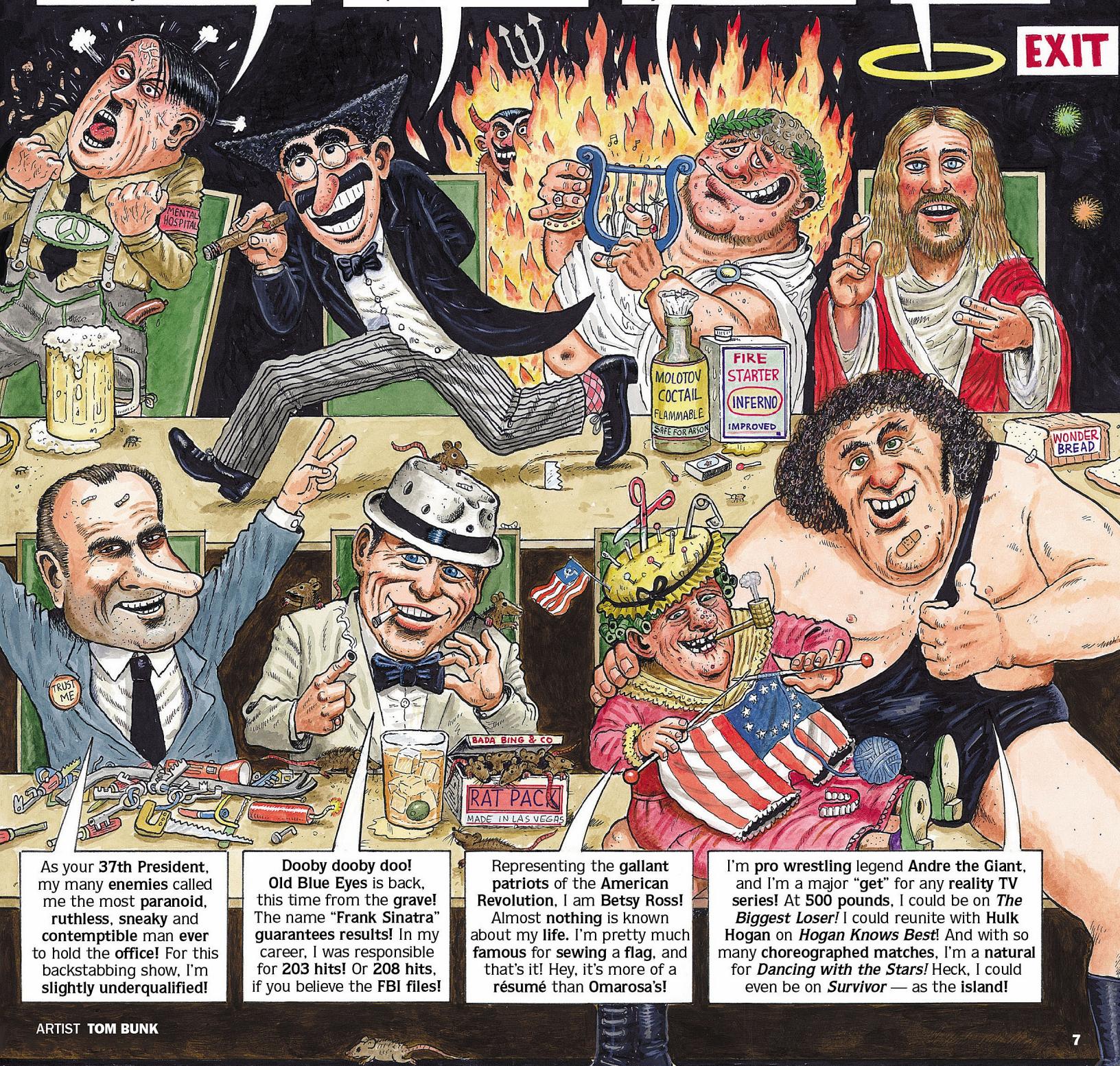
# CELEBRITY APPRENTICE

To restore Germany's glory, I plunged her into a ruinous war! As a shrimpy, black-haired nebbish, I promoted the ideal of the blonde Aryan superman! Now, as a virulent racist and anti-semitic, I've decided to chill out with a media job in the racially pure world of show business! Hmm...maybe it just ain't my millennium!

Why, it's me, Groucho Marx! The pleasure is mine, being on a series with The Donald! I think I'd rather be with The Mickey and The Goofy! What a show! You mean I got up from a dead sleep for THIS, when I could be home, decomposing my memoirs? I'd call my agent to complain, but he died in 1929!

I am Emperor Nero! I was a hated leader with daddy issues who seized power under mysterious circumstances, bankrupted my country, and dawdled while one of our major cities was destroyed! Nevertheless, 55% of Roman citizens said I'm the tyrant they'd rather have a beer with!

I tell you, on the day of judgment you will have to give an account for every careless word you utter; for by your words you will be justified, and by your words you will be condemned!



As your 37th President, my many enemies called me the most paranoid, ruthless, sneaky and contemptible man ever to hold the office! For this backstabbing show, I'm slightly underqualified!

Dooby doo doo! Old Blue Eyes is back, this time from the grave! The name "Frank Sinatra" guarantees results! In my career, I was responsible for 203 hits! Or 208 hits, if you believe the FBI files!

Representing the gallant patriots of the American Revolution, I am Betsy Ross! Almost nothing is known about my life. I'm pretty much famous for sewing a flag, and that's it! Hey, it's more of a résumé than Omarosa's!

I'm pro wrestling legend Andre the Giant, and I'm a major "get" for any reality TV series! At 500 pounds, I could be on *The Biggest Loser*! I could reunite with Hulk Hogan on *Hogan Knows Best*! And with so many choreographed matches, I'm a natural for *Dancing with the Stars*! Heck, I could even be on *Survivor* — as the island!

This is a cutthroat, anything-goes competition that only one of you will survive! But first, Jesus Christ will give us one of His famous pep talks!

What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world but loses his soul? It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven! You cannot serve both God and Money! Love others as well as you love yourself!

I'm just not following You, J-Dawg! Does not compute! No wonder You only had one best-selling book, while I've had a dozen! Your holy message of honesty, love, peace and forgiveness won't last ten minutes in today's TV programming! I hate to do it, but Jesus...YOU'RE FIRED!

Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does!

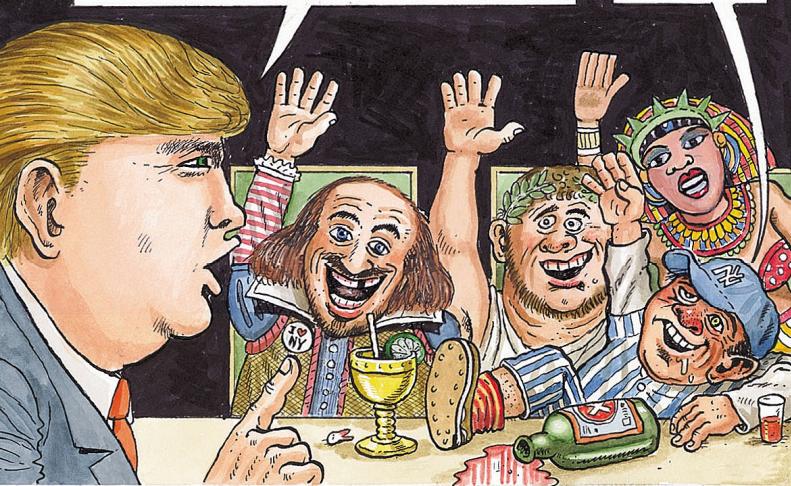


Before we begin, I know there are some of you who've never even heard of New York City! Raise your hands. I'm seeing Shakespeare, Nero, Cleopatra...and BABE RUTH? Didn't you play for the Yankees?

I don't know, possibly!  
*Burp!*  
I was pretty wasted!

I thought long and hard about what would be a good task to kick the proceedings off. I wanted it to be totally fair to both sides! The first challenge will be a flag-sewing competition!

Awwwww, BOOOO-yeah! In your FACE, Hitler!

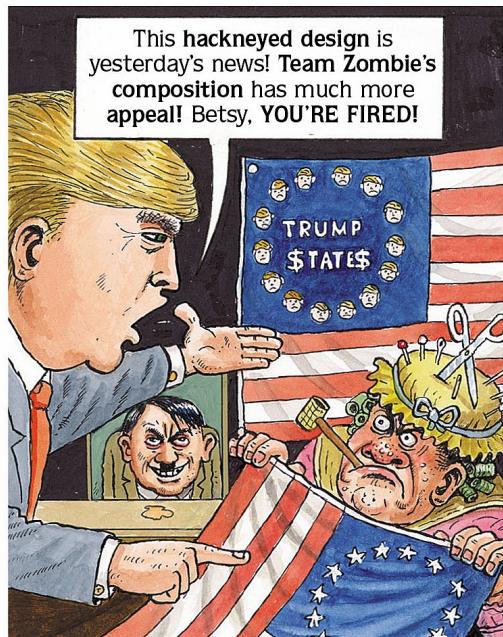


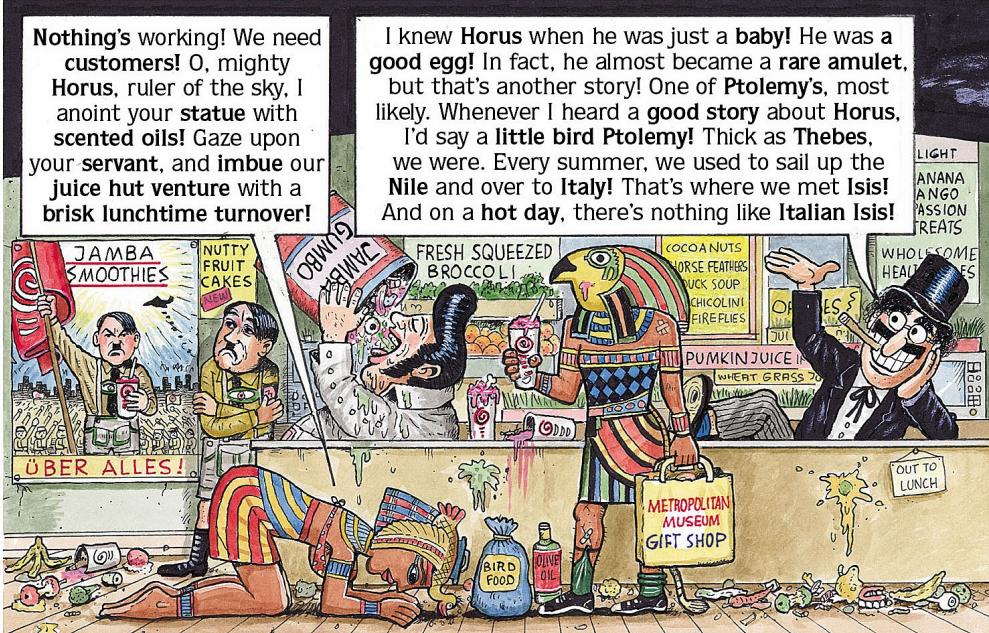
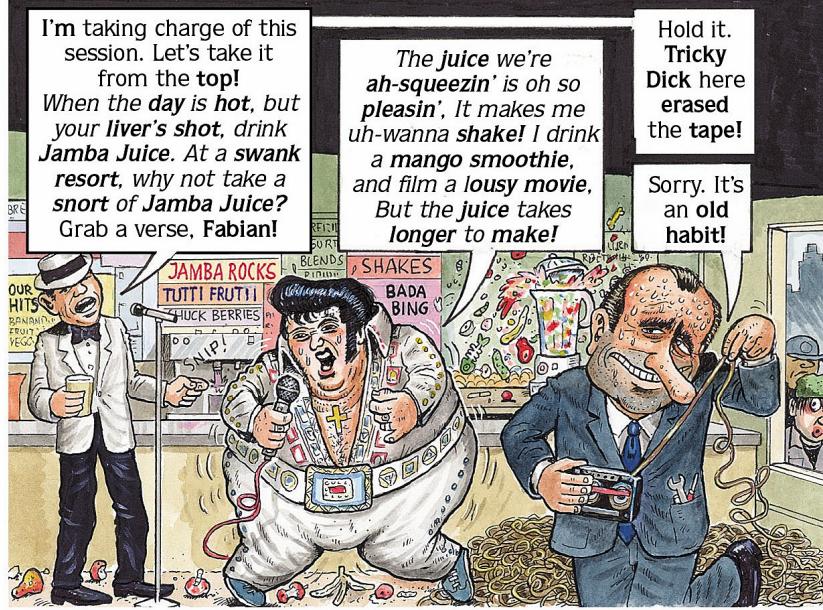
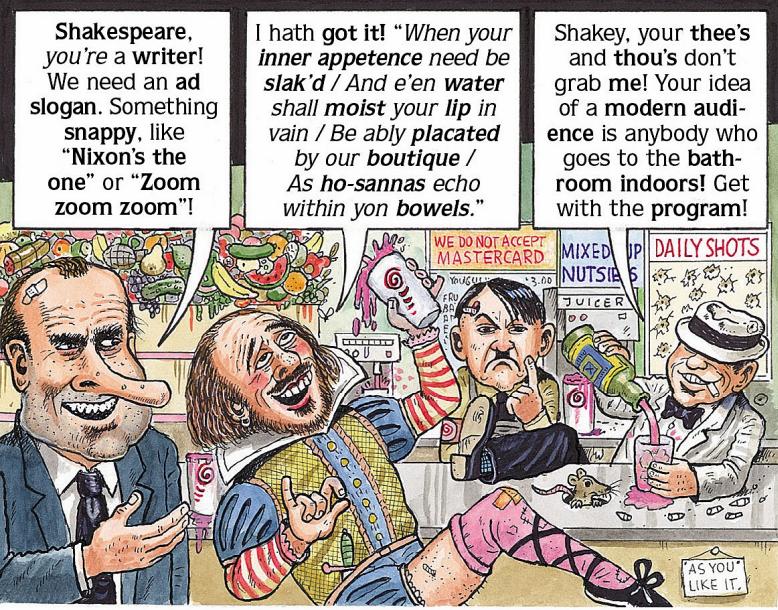
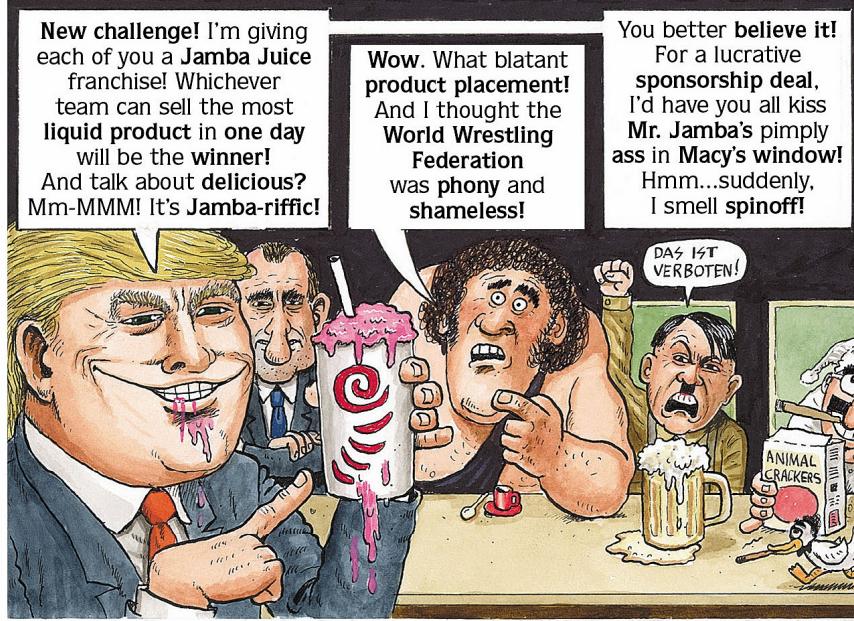
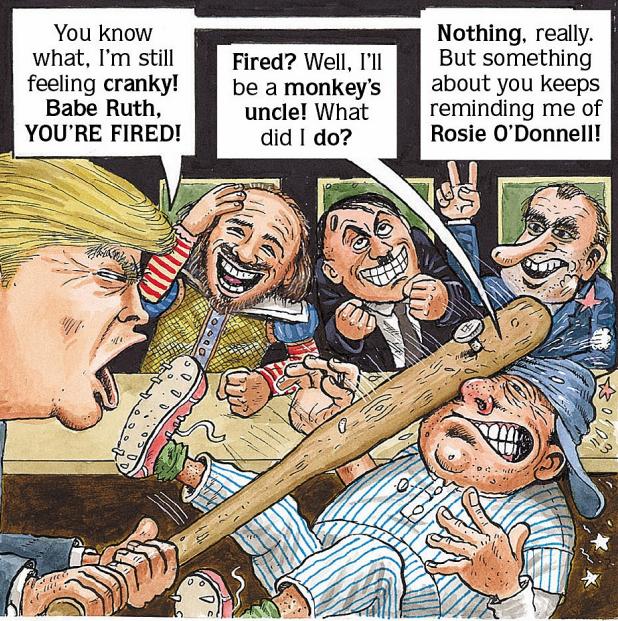
I sure do remember Flag Day back in 1927! I belted three home runs, two taxi drivers, and a cop!

Big boy, I can almost see you now, slugging those home runs in Yankee Stadium. But I can't see Yankee Stadium! An old joke, I admit. But I haven't gotten a dime from NBC in fifty years, and they get what they pay for! If you've got a dime, that joke can be yours. Pay me a quarter, and I'll never tell it again! Now that's a deal you can't beat with a stick! But don't take my word for it. For 50 cents, I'll sell you a stick!



This hackneyed design is yesterday's news! Team Zombie's composition has much more appeal! Betsy, YOU'RE FIRED!





These totals are shocking! Team Sarcophagus did very well, selling 182 gallons! But Team Zombie unloaded 750,000 gallons of Jamba Juice! How is that even possible?

German efficiency! I secretly connected our juice supply to the New York Fire Department's hoses!

And I pvt the flaming torch to several local strvctvres — Trvmp Towers, Trvmp Plaza, the Trvmpopolitan Mvsevm of Art, Trvmp Grain Silo, Trvmp Lanes Bowling Emporium and the Trvmp Interspecies Brothel! Then I fiddled while they brned, and ovr team's juice flowed!

Nero, you toga-wearing twit! There's no profit margin in smoke inhalation! I'm angry about YOUR FIRES! Therefore, YOU'RE FIRED!



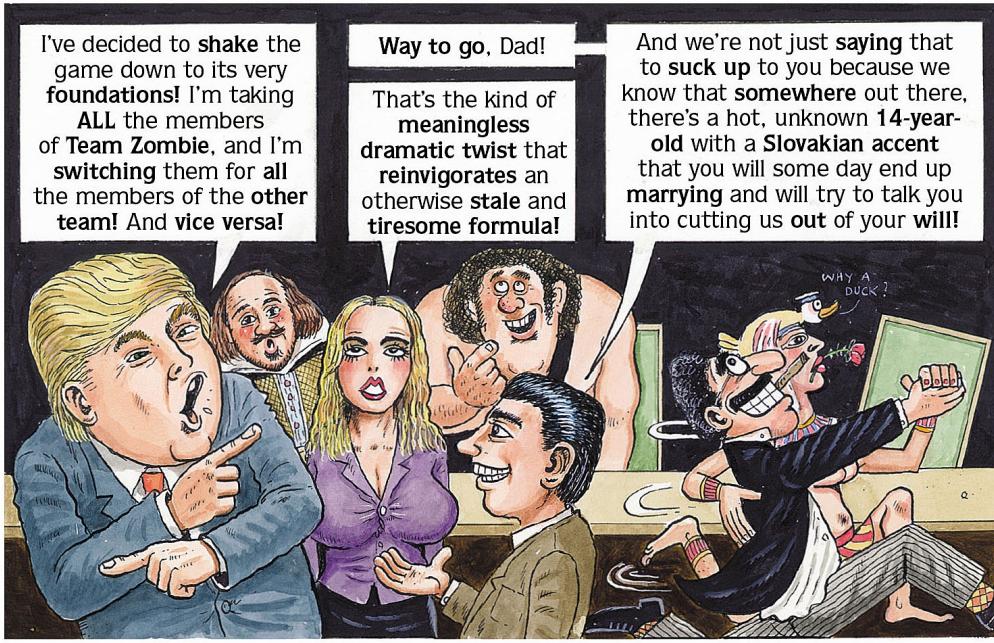
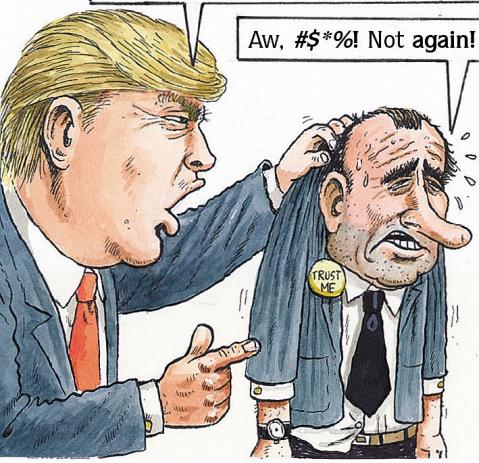
It's also come to my attention that a certain crooked contestant has diverted some of the Jamba Juice into his own secret "slushie fund"! Let me make one thing perfectly clear: Nixon, YOU'RE FIRED!

Aw, #\$\*%! Not again!

I've decided to shake the game down to its very foundations! I'm taking ALL the members of Team Zombie, and I'm switching them for all the members of the other team! And vice versa!

Way to go, Dad! That's the kind of meaningless dramatic twist that reinvigorates an otherwise stale and tiresome formula!

And we're not just saying that to suck up to you because we know that somewhere out there, there's a hot, unknown 14-year-old with a Slovakian accent that you will some day end up marrying and will try to talk you into cutting us out of your will!



Dead celebrities, your next task is to create a new promotion for Central Park!

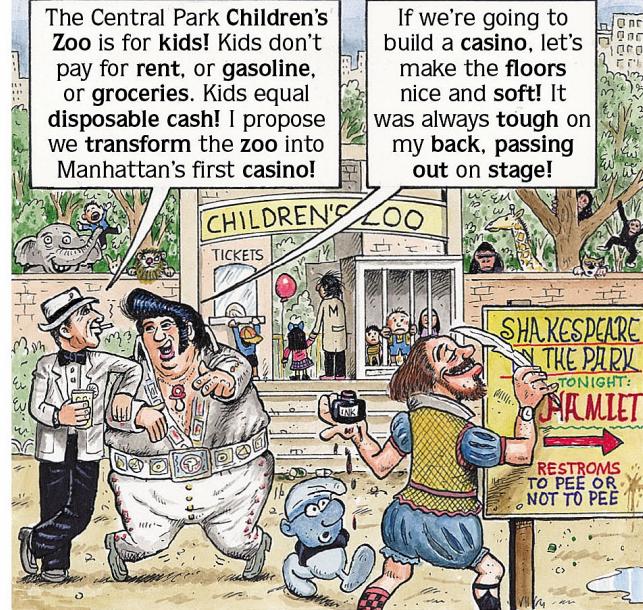
Ah, look at all this open space! "When I have seen the emerald sprawl unfurl / T'would ebb and bloom yet ne'er cause breach / Any man may think himself an earl / As Nature claims its glory and its reach."

Sickening, isn't it? If the City Council had half a brain between them, they'd let me bulldoze the whole meadow area, and put up a modest, unobtrusive 68-story skyscraper!



The Central Park Children's Zoo is for kids! Kids don't pay for rent, or gasoline, or groceries. Kids equal disposable cash! I propose we transform the zoo into Manhattan's first casino!

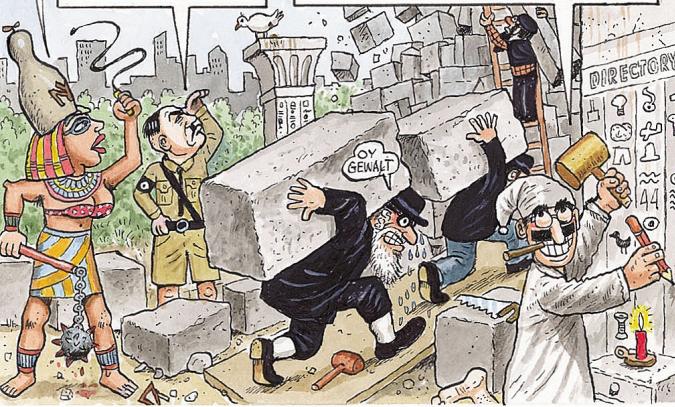
If we're going to build a casino, let's make the floors nice and soft! It was always tough on my back, passing out on stage!



Toil harder, slaves!  
Work without cease!  
Or your Queen swears  
you will never live to  
see Ra's sunset!

It's a little under-  
stated, but I like it.

They gave me this job because  
I'm a well-known chiseler! I only  
wish I knew how to spell ~~chiseler~~! Say,  
it's getting dark. Could you send  
someone in here with a flash-  
light? Preferably a young blonde!  
Make it *two* blondes, and you can  
forget about the flashlight!



Daddy,  
why are  
you  
glowering  
9%  
more  
than  
normal?

Because the dead celebrities **wrecked** the park with  
their **illegal construction**. New York has **yanked** my  
**real estate license**! Atlantic City's pulled my **gaming**  
**license**! I.M. Pei, Pink Floyd and Dick Clark Productions  
are all suing us for plagiarizing their **pyramid**!  
But the **capper** was landscaping Central Park's water  
**reservoir** into the shape of a **swastika**! That was too  
tasteless...even for me! Hitler, YOU'RE KAPUT!

Ach!  
Today  
NBC,  
tomor-  
row  
*The  
Surreal  
Life 15!*



Shakespeare,  
what do  
you think  
went wrong  
for  
your side?

"Our best-laid plans are  
ended. We are foiled, /  
Undone by o'er-wrought  
ambition and haste."  
Or in other words,  
we screwed the pooch!

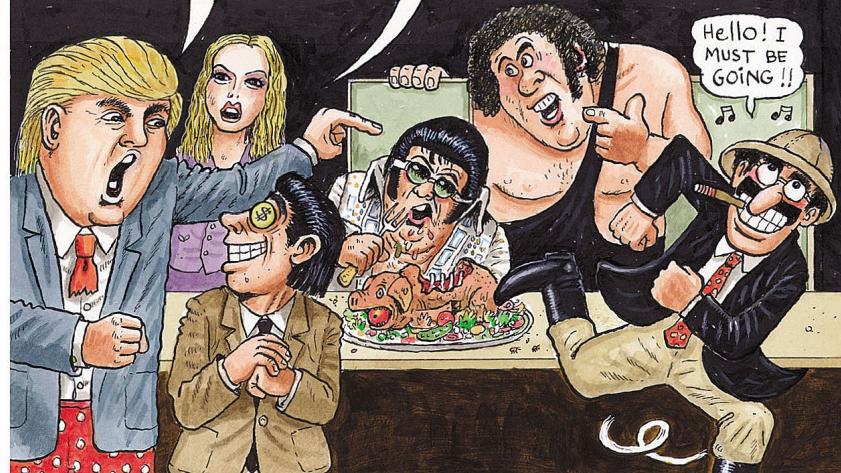
Under this  
magnificent hair,  
I've got a  
splitting headache!  
Shakespeare,  
**THOU ART FIRED!**



I'm in a mean mood! I went  
seven whole minutes without  
being on camera! Elvis, you're  
fired! Groucho, you're fired!  
Andre the Giant, you're fired!  
Ivanka, you're fired, too!

Me? But I'm your  
own daughter!  
And besides, I'm  
not even a dead  
celebrity!

That can be  
taken care  
of! Here,  
Donald Jr.  
Double your  
inheritance!

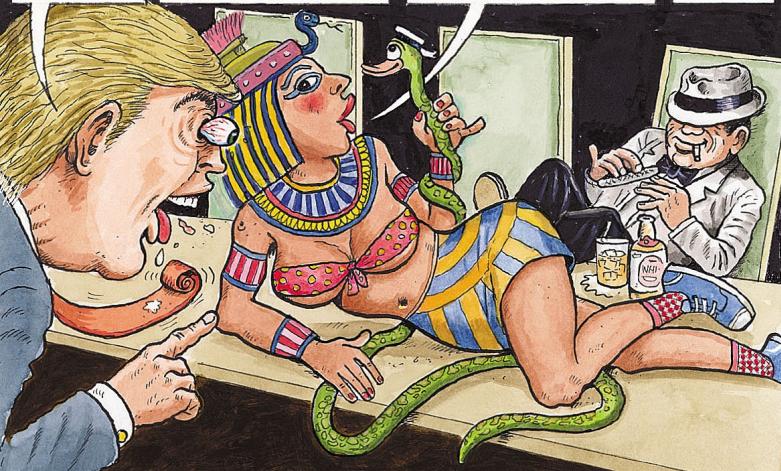


We're  
down to  
the final  
two,  
Frank  
Sinatra  
and  
Cleopatra!

Cleo, using slave  
labor on a major  
construction site  
is something so  
hatefully low, even  
I haven't done it.  
Though I've certainly  
**DREAMED** about it!

Mr. Trump, I've always  
been attracted to pow-  
erful men! You remind  
me of Julius Caesar!  
I'd love to talk about  
the similarities back  
in my antechamber!

Now  
THAT'S  
the art  
of the  
deal!  
**Sinatra,**  
**YOU'RE FIRED!**



ORIGINALY PUBLISHED IN MAD #500, JUN 2005

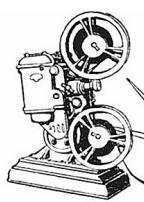
Not so fast, Richie  
Rich! I think this is  
a good time to  
call in some of **MY**  
**celebrity contacts**!  
Say hello to your  
new silent partners,  
Trumpsky!

How'd you  
like to give up  
hosting *Dead  
Celebrity  
Apprentice*,  
and become a  
contestant?

Gurk! I may have  
misspoken! From  
one Chairman  
of the Board to  
another: Mr. Frank  
Sinatra, **YOU**  
are the winner!

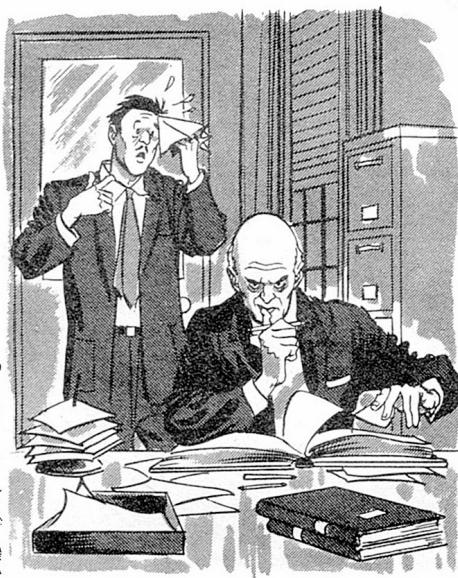
And  
I  
did  
it  
my  
way,  
Jack!





# Scenes We'd Like to See

The Bank Examiner



WRITER GEORGE MANDEL

ARTIST JOE ORLANDO





What do you get when you cross mutual funds, T-bills, mortgages and Keough plans with some crude puppets, a few sappy songs and a host who talks like a ten-year old? You get...

# MR. JOLLY ROGERS' NEIGHBORHOOD

VISITS A LOCAL BANK

*It's a typical day in my neighborhood  
Where life's sure to stay this way for good  
It's ideal—cause it's unreal!  
It's not like your house—here everything's calm!  
I'm not like your dad—I'm more like your mom!  
I'll be—thanks to TV—  
Your neighbor!*

Hi, neighbor! Here we are together again in our own little world where we have such fun, like watching me change my clothes and talking to special guests!

Today's guest is Ralph Nabob, the President of the First National Neighborhood Bank! It's nice to have you visit us today, Sir! How are you?

Quite well, bank you! Do you have real interest, or are you just checking? Hi yo silver and gold! The loan arranger rides again!



WRITER LARRY SIEGEL

ARTIST ANGELO TORRES

My, you're sure caught up in your work...

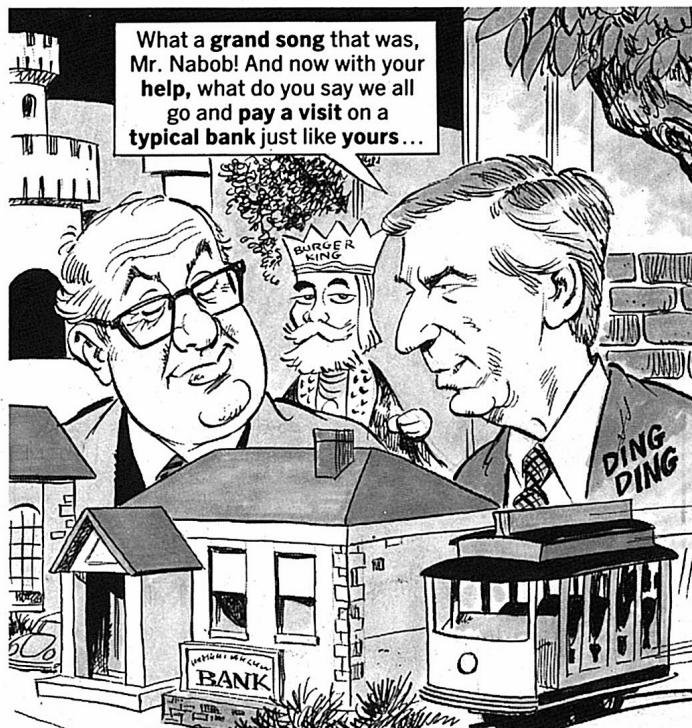
I've always been that way! Why don't I deposit myself right here and sing about it...

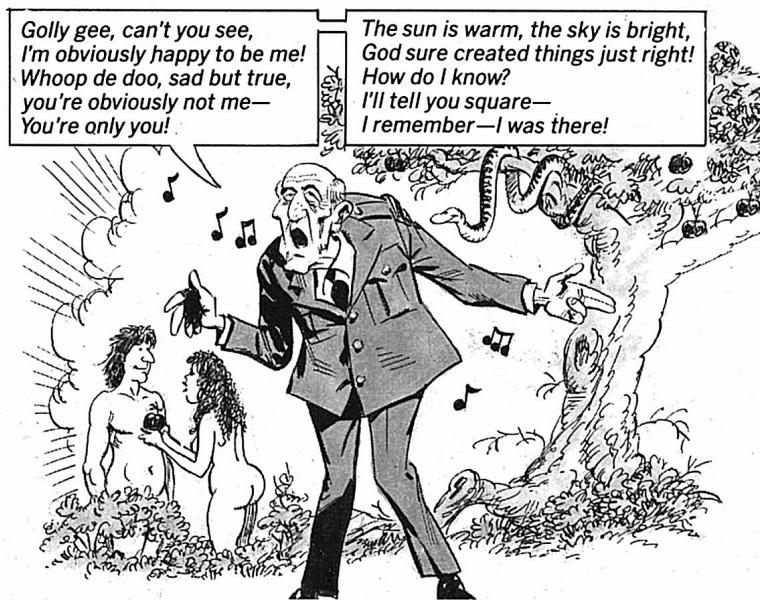
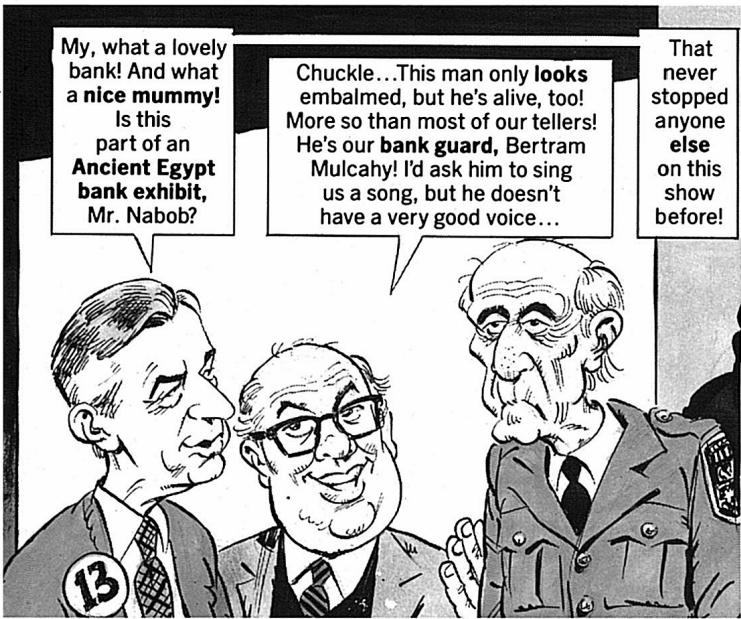
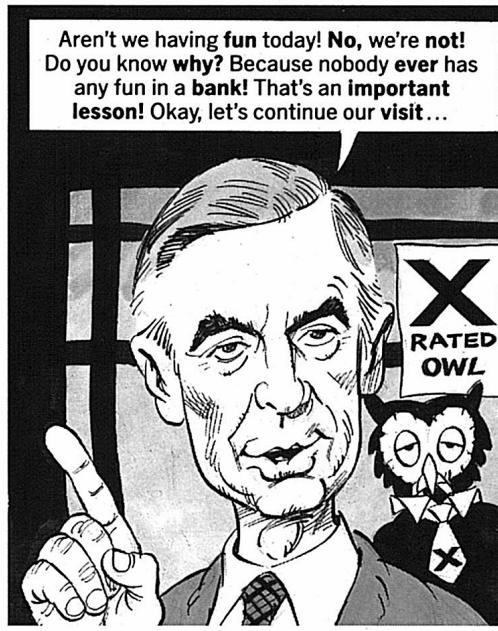
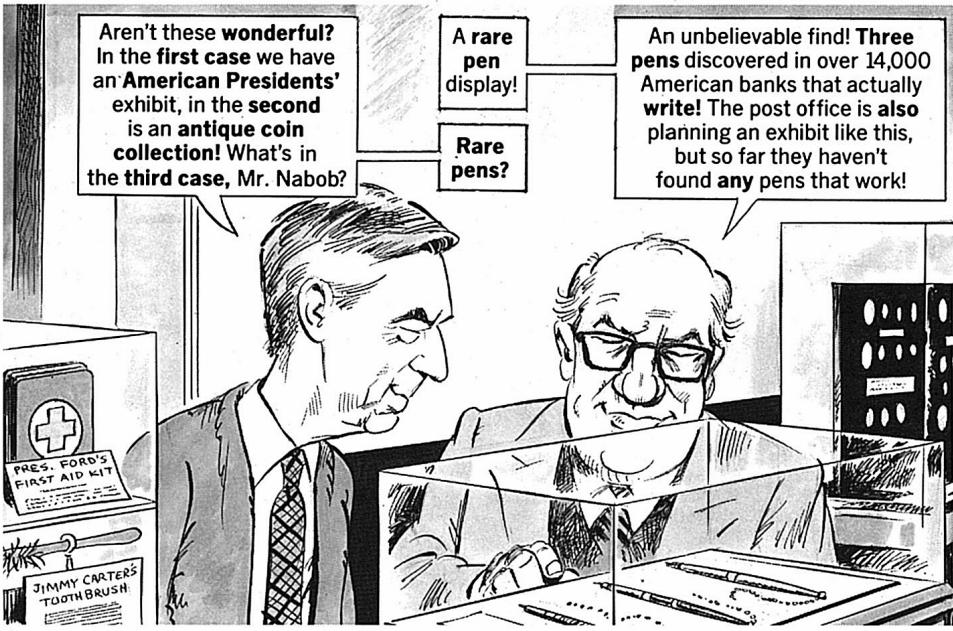
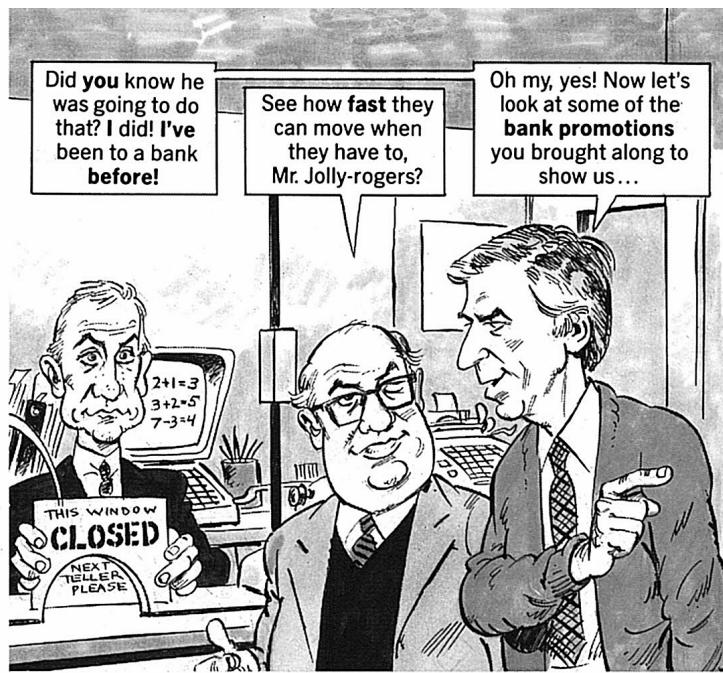
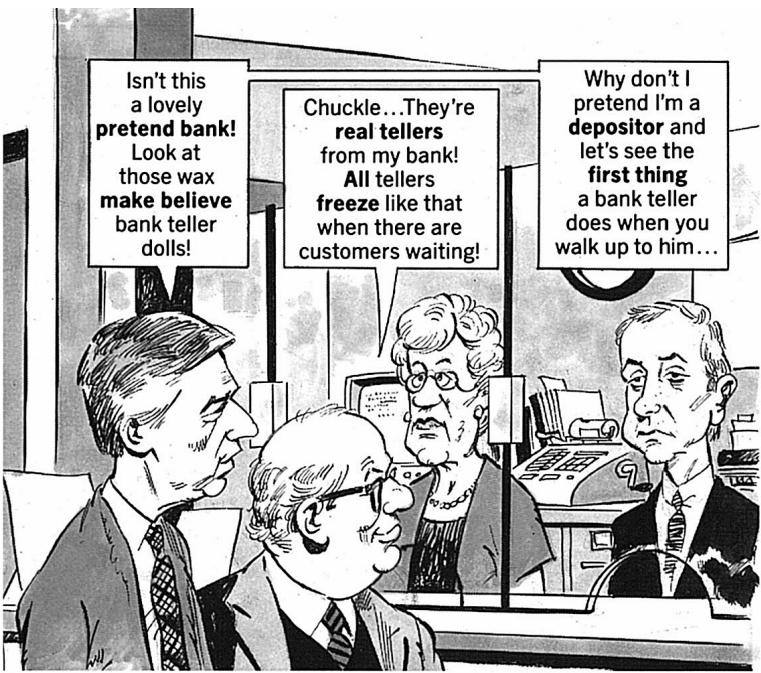
Even as a child Money drove me wild So my life was styled For security—in my future-ity There would be lots of money—highly piled!

Now that I am grown Haven't changed my tone Money that I loan For security—I make damn sure-ity It's someone else's money—not my own!



What a grand song that was, Mr. Nabob! And now with your help, what do you say we all go and pay a visit on a typical bank just like yours...





Actually,  
how  
old  
is  
he,  
Mr.  
Nabob?

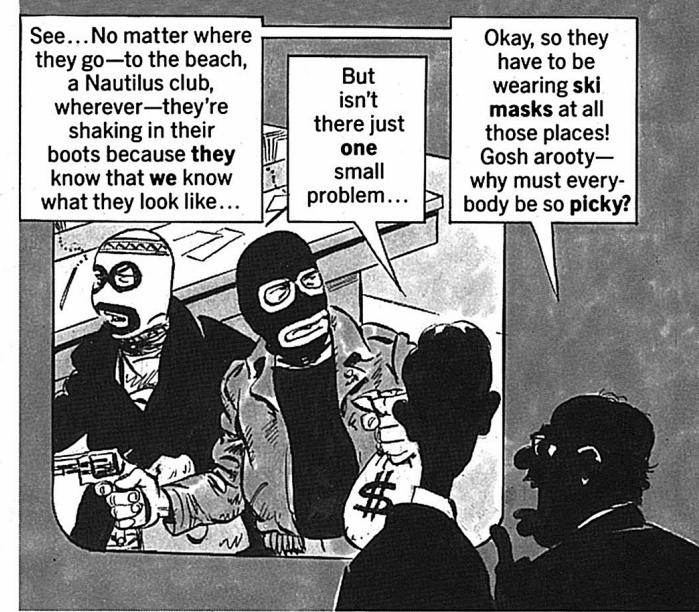
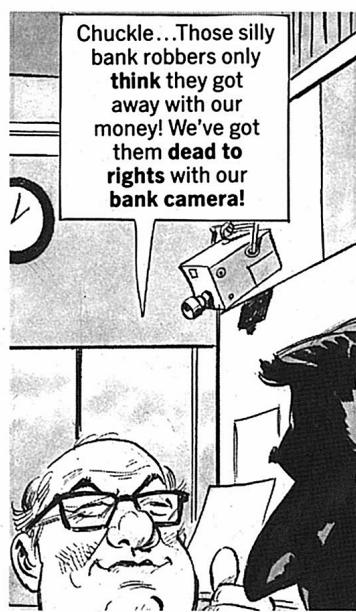
No one knows for  
sure, but he has  
a security card  
showing he was  
the guard at the  
**FIRST** First  
National Bank!

Chuckle...Those silly  
bank robbers only  
think they got  
away with our  
money! We've got  
them dead to  
rights with our  
bank camera!

See...No matter where  
they go—to the beach,  
a Nautilus club,  
wherever—they're  
shaking in their  
boots because they  
know that we know  
what they look like...

But  
isn't  
there just  
one  
small  
problem...

Okay, so they  
have to be  
wearing ski  
masks at all  
those places!  
Gosh arooty—  
why must every-  
body be so picky?



Never a dull moment  
in a bank! My, my,  
Madame teller, you must  
be punching out **500  
numbers a minute**  
on that computer! I bet  
you're doing very  
important bank work!

Not really, Mr. Jolly-rogers!  
I just try to frighten  
depositors into thinking  
I'm checking out their  
**whole lives!** Most of  
the numbers I punch  
are **meaningless!**

Where  
did  
Mr.  
Nabob  
ever  
find  
you?

At a supermarket  
checkout counter!  
I'm still famous  
for charging a customer  
seven times  
for **one box**  
of Cheerios!

Please give  
me back my  
**credit card!**  
I swear  
it won't  
happen  
again! Please!  
PLEASE!!!

What  
is  
this  
**commotion**  
about  
here,  
Mr.  
Nabob?

Sad case!  
The customer  
just paid  
the \$753  
he owed on  
his Visa  
card bill  
in full...



That  
doesn't  
sound  
like  
a bad  
thing  
to  
me...

We can't make **money** if people  
pay everything they owe us  
right away! The idea is to  
get them to pay **as little  
as possible** so we can soak  
them with **heavy interest  
and finance charges!**

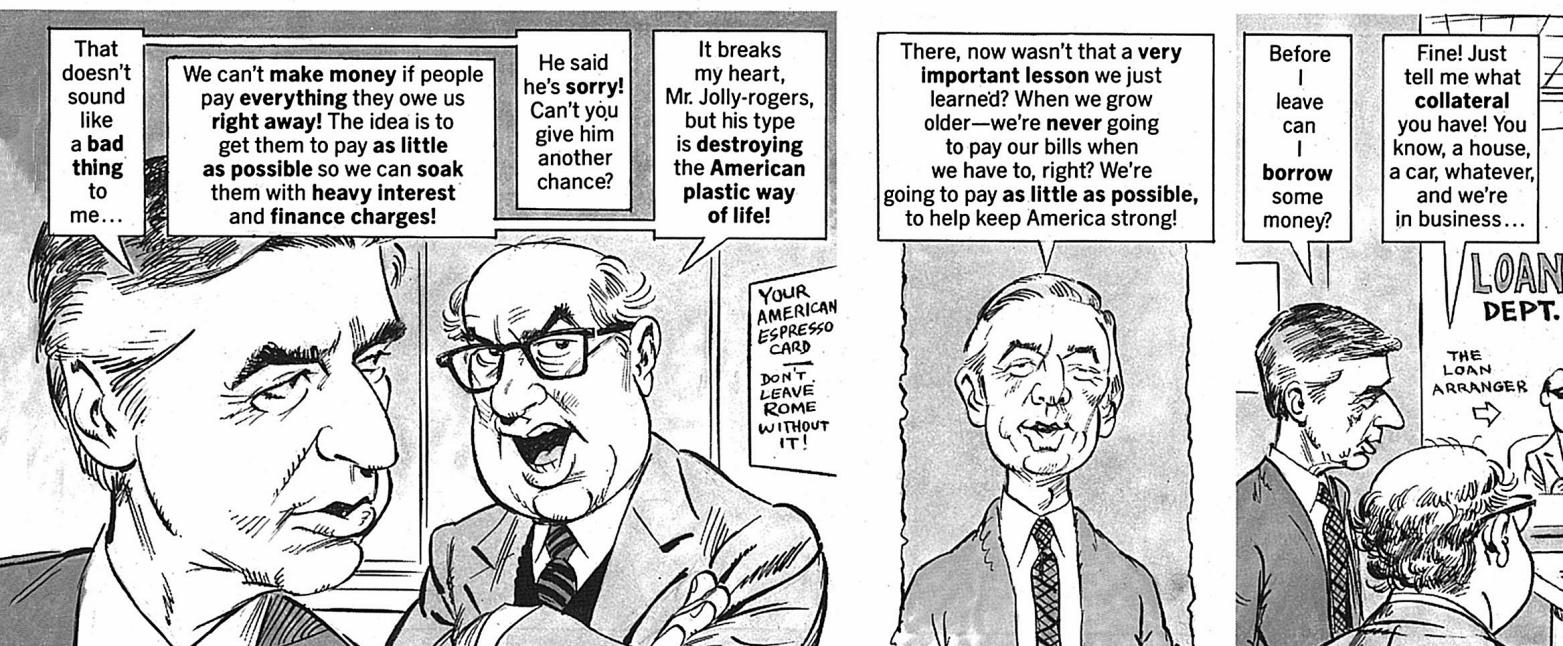
He said  
he's **sorry!**  
Can't you  
give him  
another  
chance?

It breaks  
my heart,  
Mr. Jolly-rogers,  
but his type  
is **destroying**  
the American  
plastic way  
of life!

There, now wasn't that a **very  
important lesson** we just  
learned? When we grow  
older—we're never going  
to pay our bills when  
we have to, right? We're  
going to pay **as little as possible**,  
to help keep America strong!

Before  
I  
leave  
can  
I  
borrow  
some  
money?

Fine! Just  
tell me what  
**collateral**  
you have! You  
know, a house,  
a car, whatever,  
and we're  
in business...



I don't really own very much! But you know me, Mr. Nabob—I've been banking here for years!

What? You expect me to lend money to a nobody with nothing to his name?

But I'm a famous, important TV personality!

You call public television TV? Our cleaning people make more money than you! I'm sorry, we only lend money to people who can afford it!

But if I could afford what I want I wouldn't have to borrow money! Who do you lend money to these days?

Diana Ross, Bill Cosby, Michael Jackson and the King of Saudi Arabia! They have collateral!



Well, thanks for inviting me to your swell bank, Mr. Nabob! Before I go, I think I'll withdraw some cash from my savings account! I'm sure I can qualify for that, can't I?

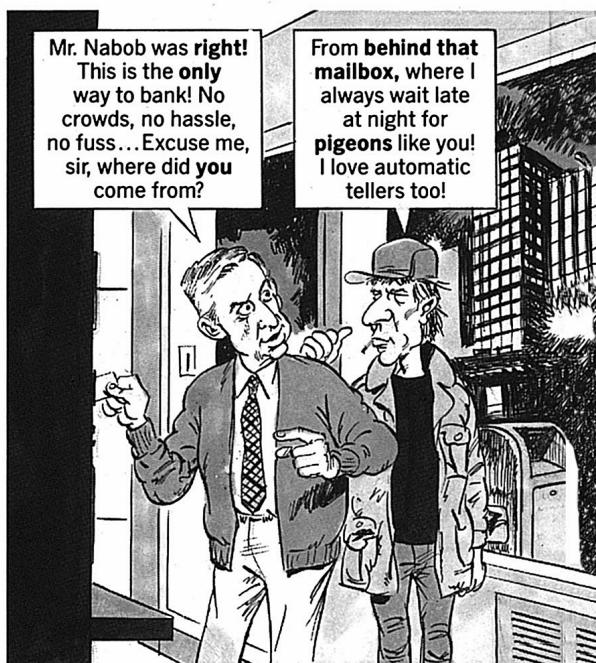
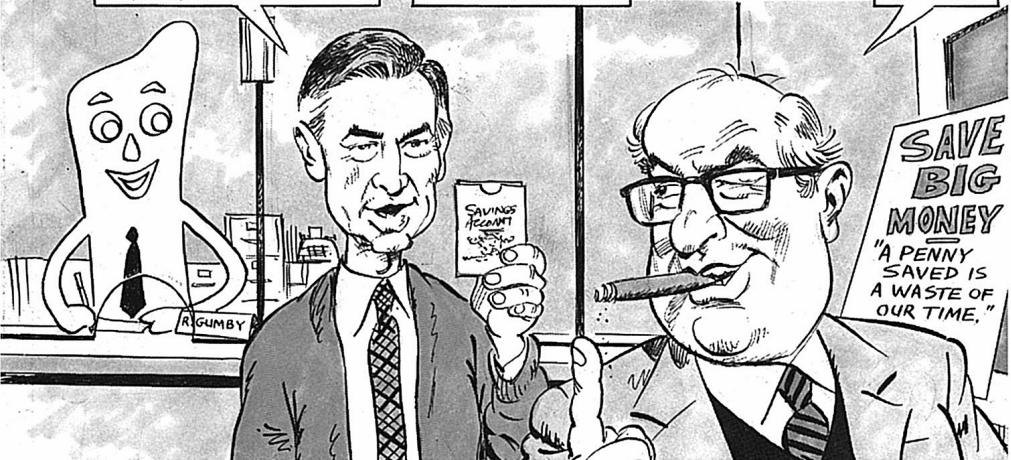
Not really—it's after normal bank hours! You'll have to use our automatic teller which is open 24 hours a day!

Hmmm, I think I'll come back tonight when I'm passing this way again...

Nowadays, it's the only way to bank—no crowds, no hassle, no fuss!

Mr. Nabob was right! This is the only way to bank! No crowds, no hassle, no fuss... Excuse me, sir, where did you come from?

From behind that mailbox, where I always wait late at night for pigeons like you! I love automatic tellers too!



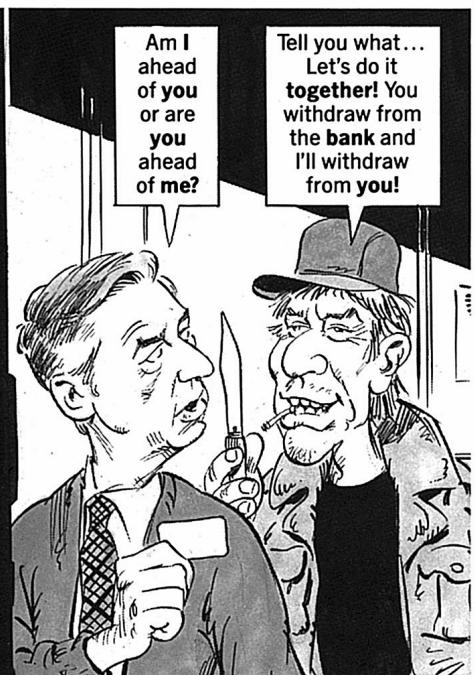
Am I ahead of you or are you ahead of me?

Tell you what... Let's do it together! You withdraw from the bank and I'll withdraw from you!

Hasn't this been a wonderful day? And a wonderful night-time too? Tomorrow I'll come out of my closet again... What could be better than changing my sweater—Specially for you!

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #467, DEC 1987

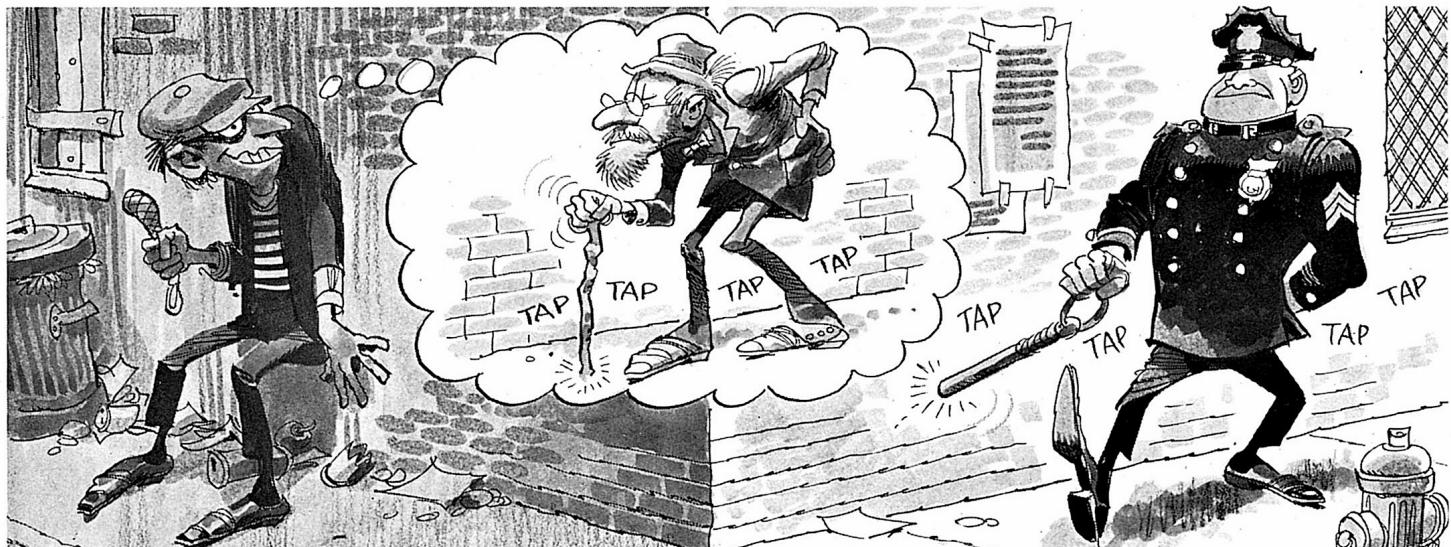
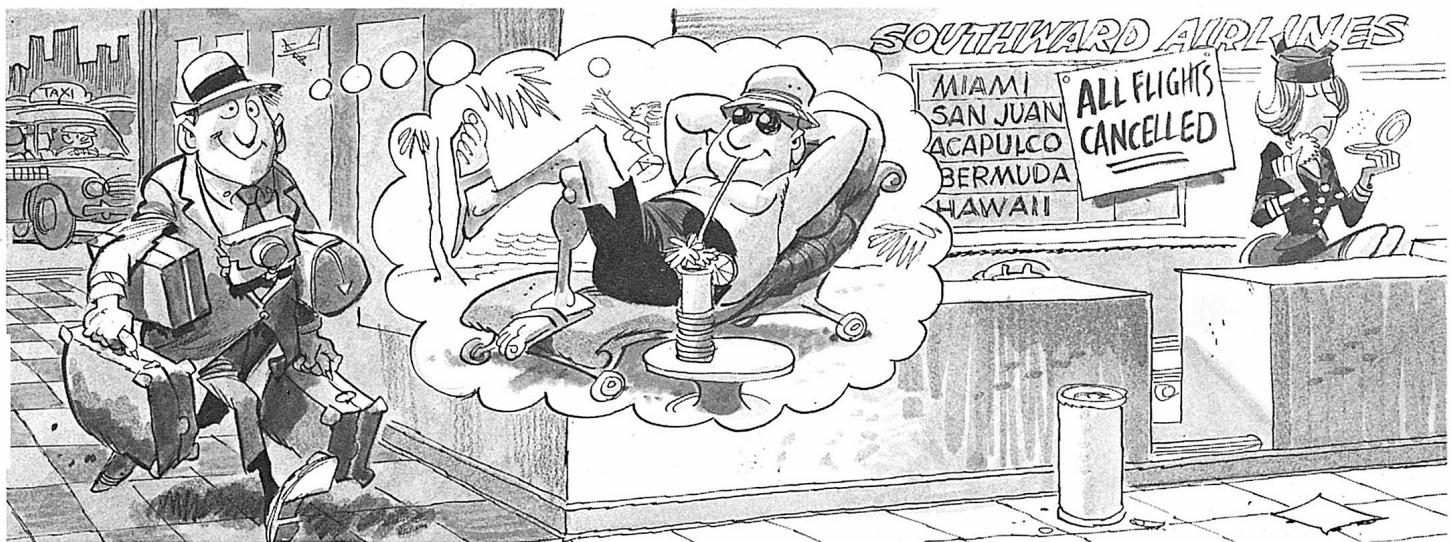
Happy tomorrow, neighbor! Thank you for making this a very special day for me! Goodbye, bank! Goodbye, automatic teller! Goodbye, friendly mugger...





OPTI-MISSED DEPT.

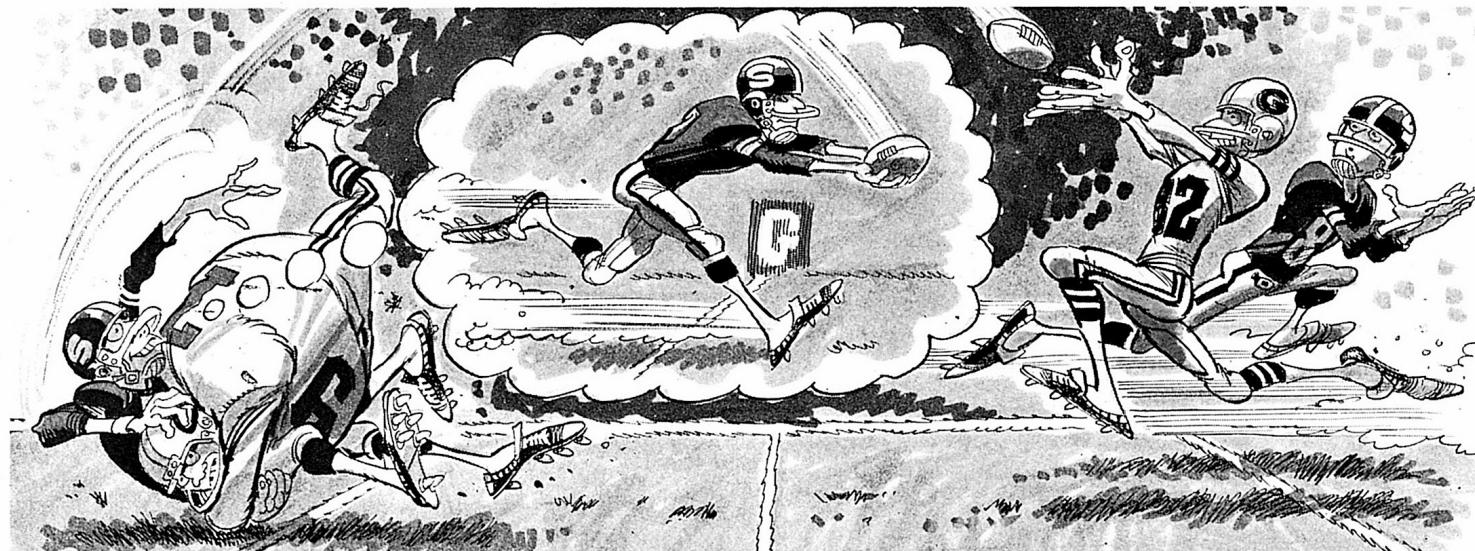
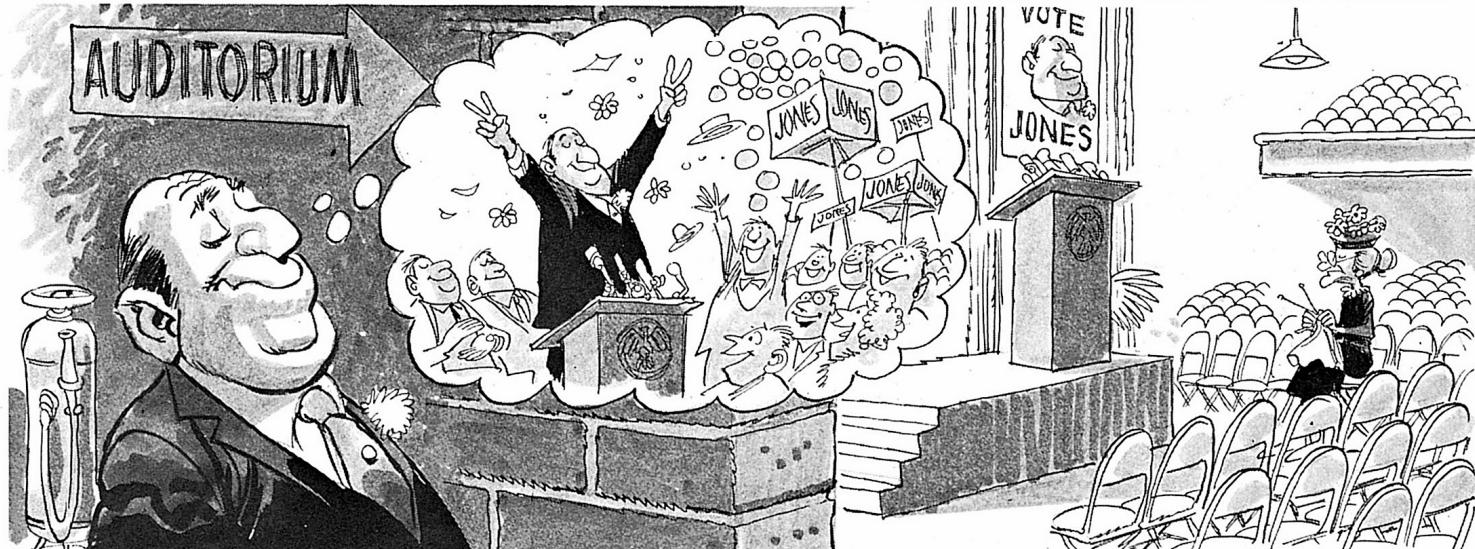
# WYHSSH FCKL

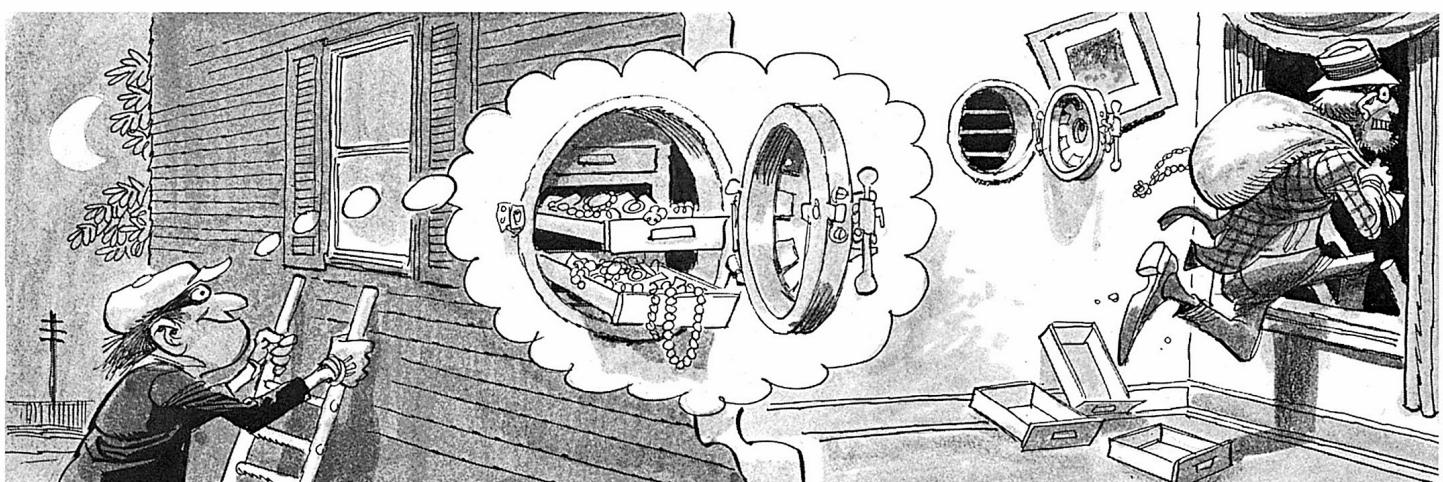
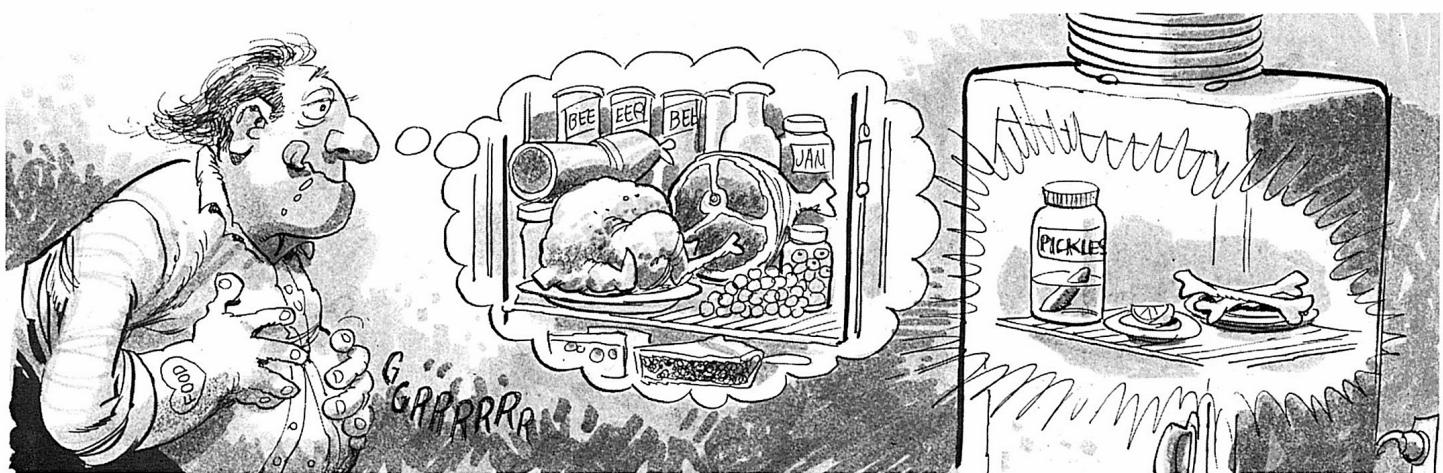
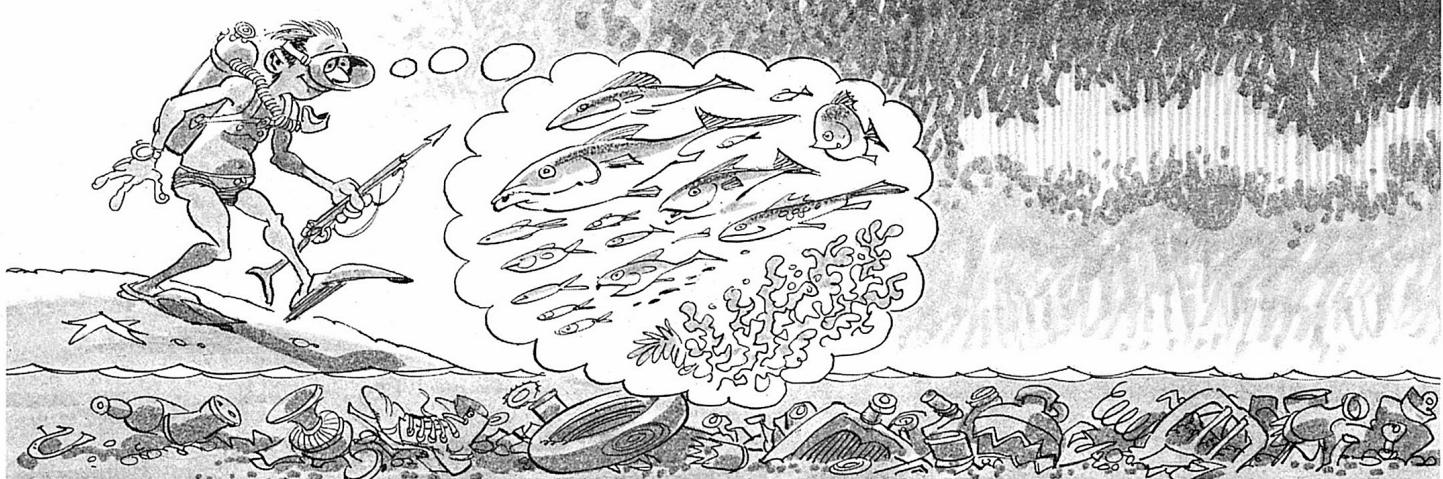


# THINKING

WRITER PAUL PETER PORGES

ARTIST JACK DAVIS





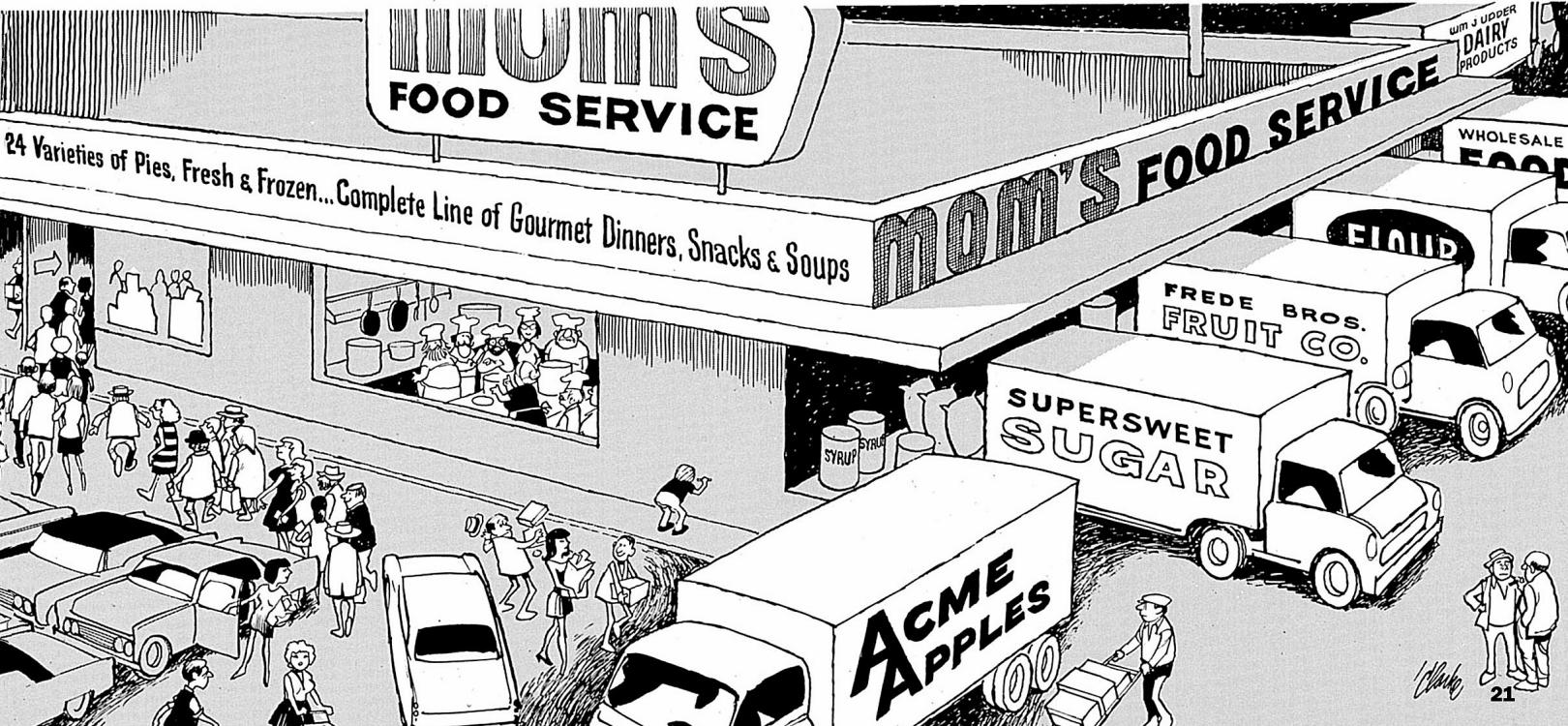
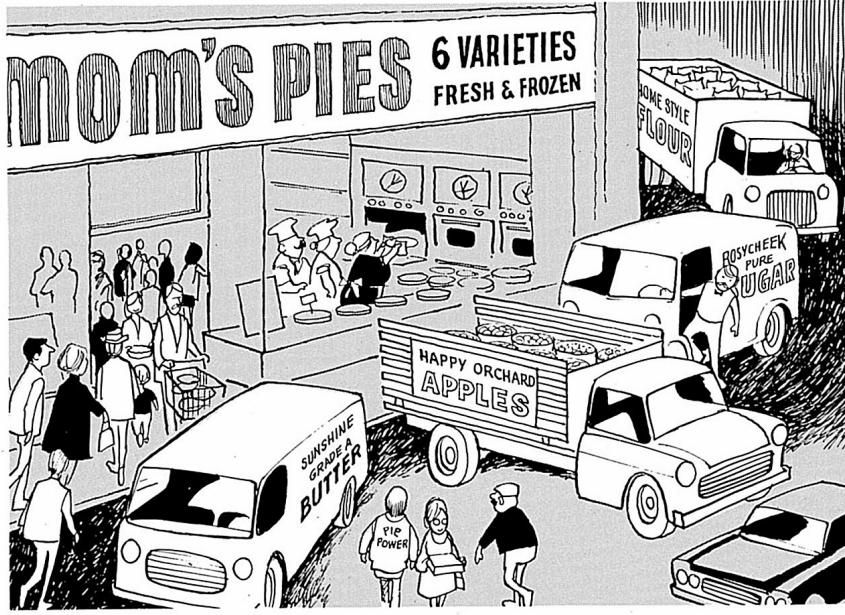
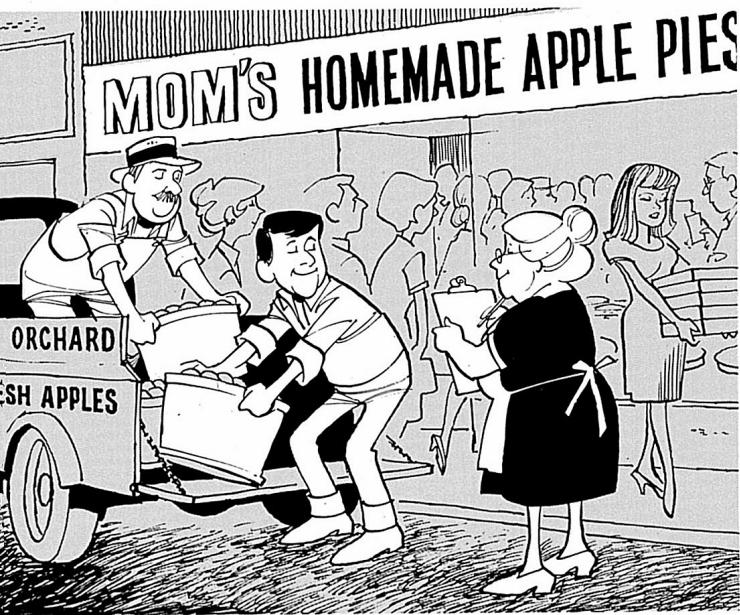
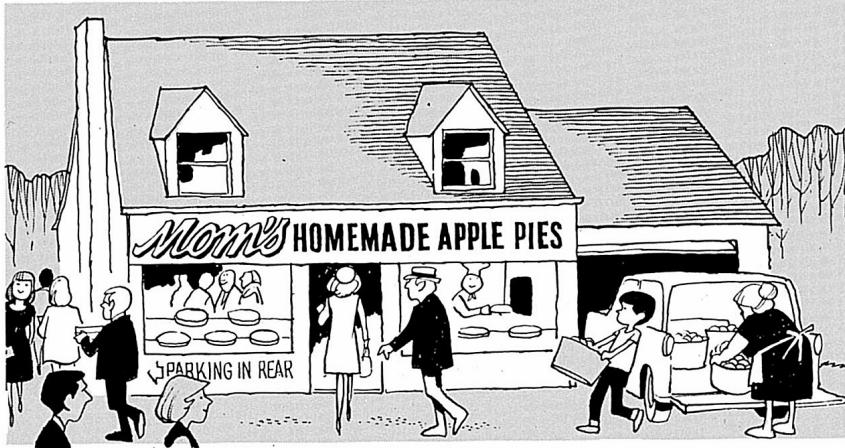
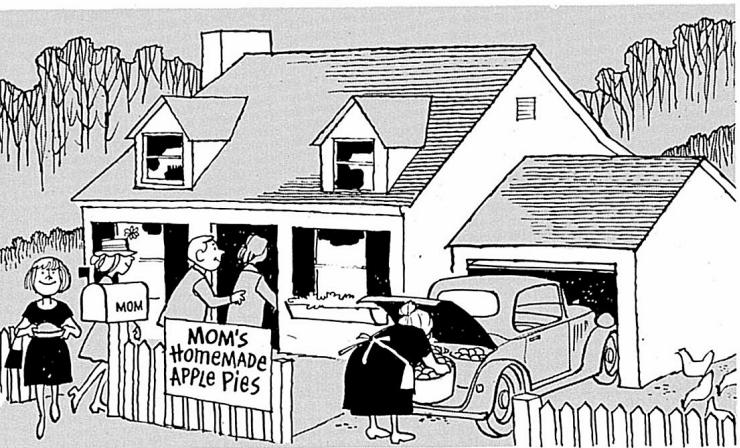


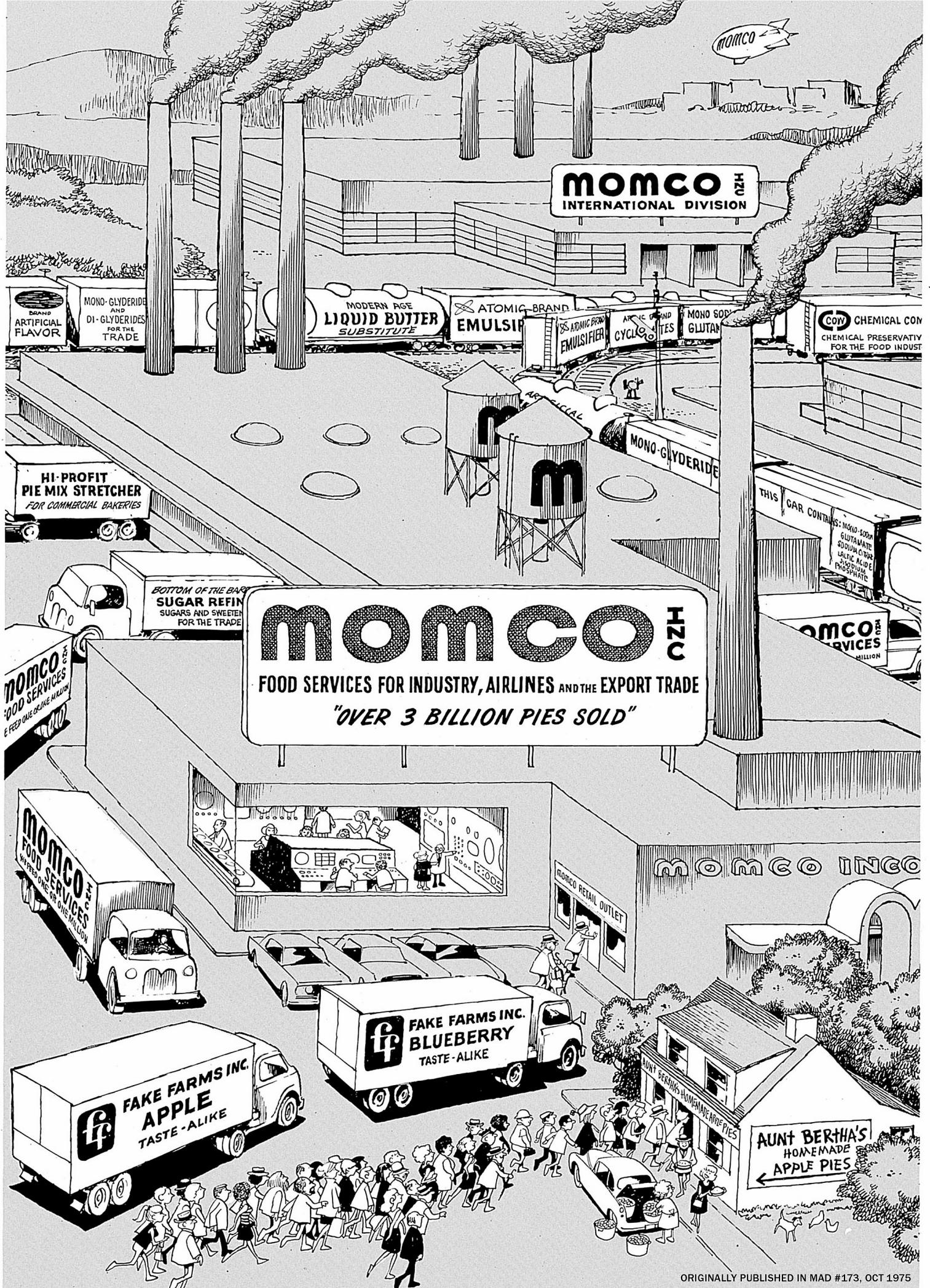
INFERIORITY COMPLEX DEPT.

# A MODERN BUSINESS SUCCESS STORY

WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO

ARTIST BOB CLARKE





# A SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE

PHOTOGRAPHER  
IRVING SCHILD

# EXXON

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #290, OCT 1989

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD  
EXXON CORPORATION

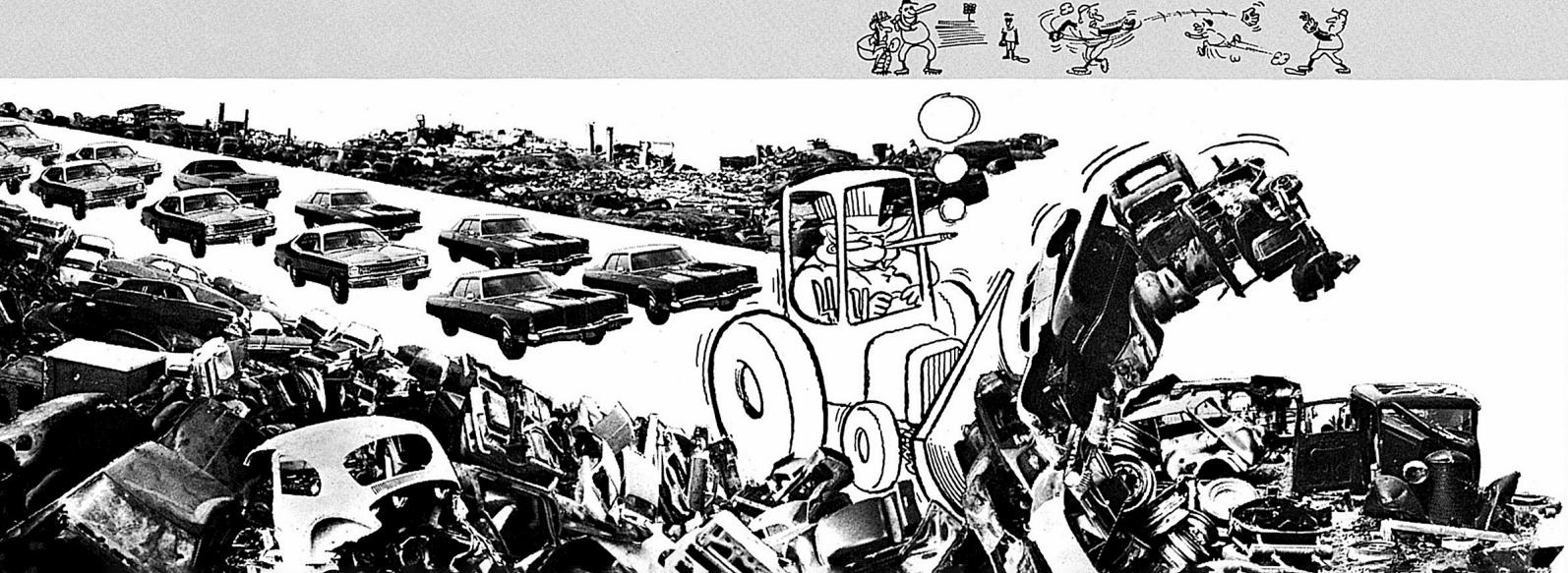
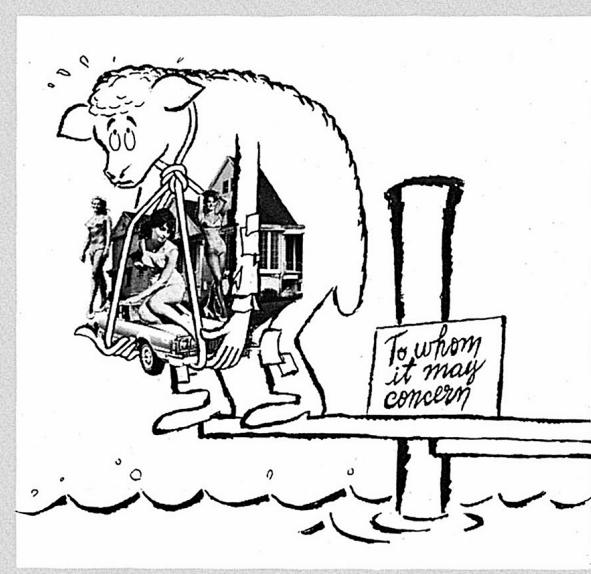
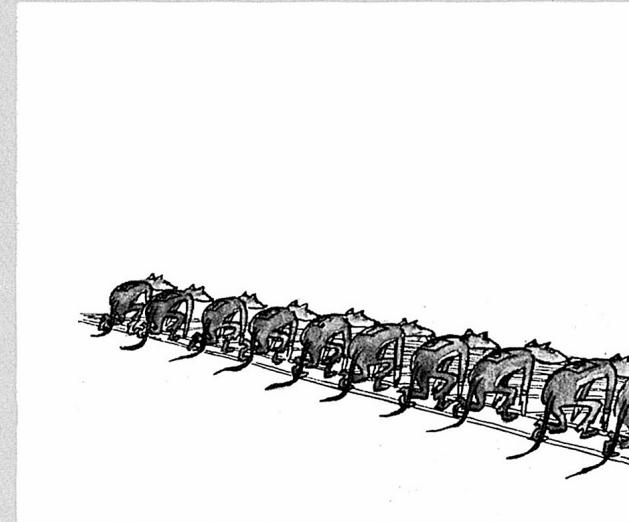
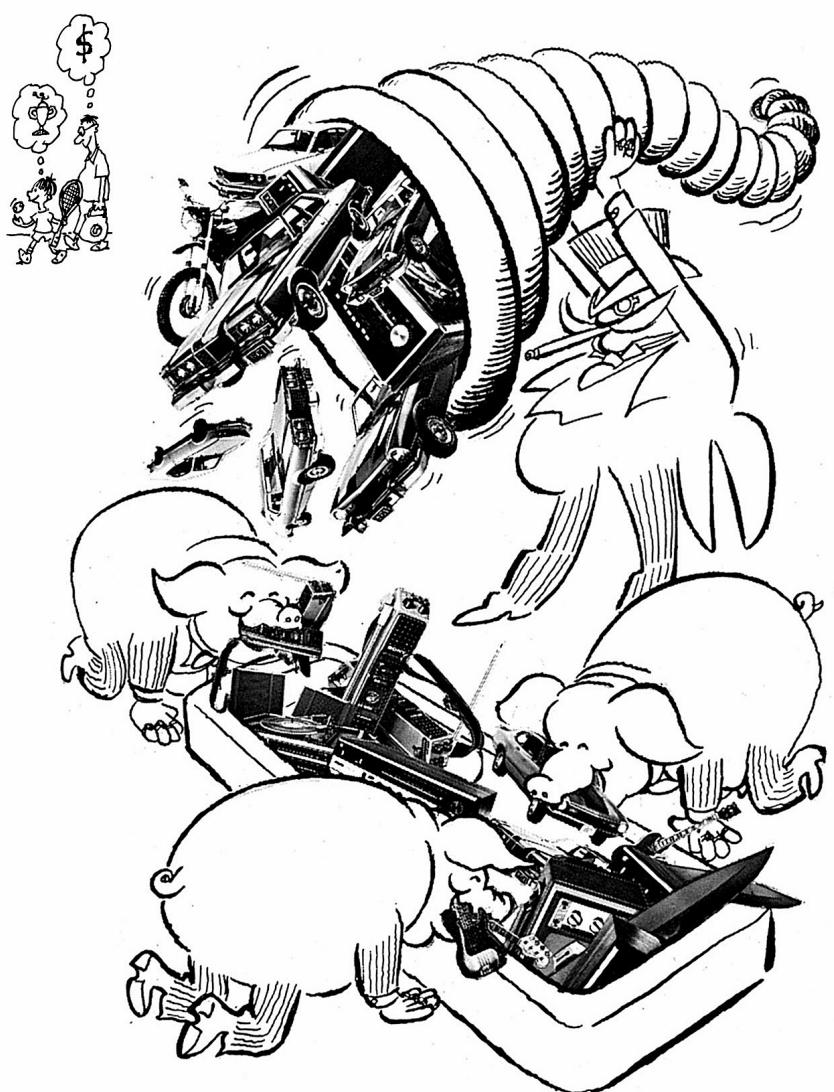
ANOTHER  
MAD  
MINI-  
POSTER



POSSESSION IS 9/10THS OF THE LURE DEPT.

# A MAD LOOK AT OUR

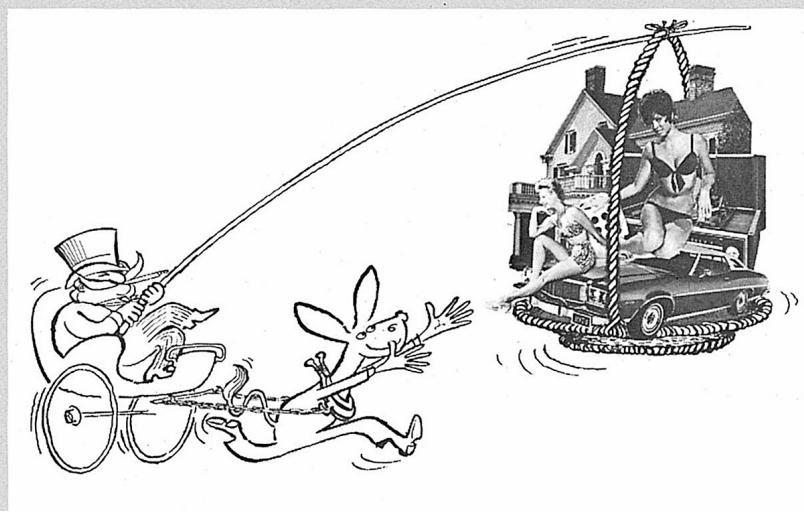
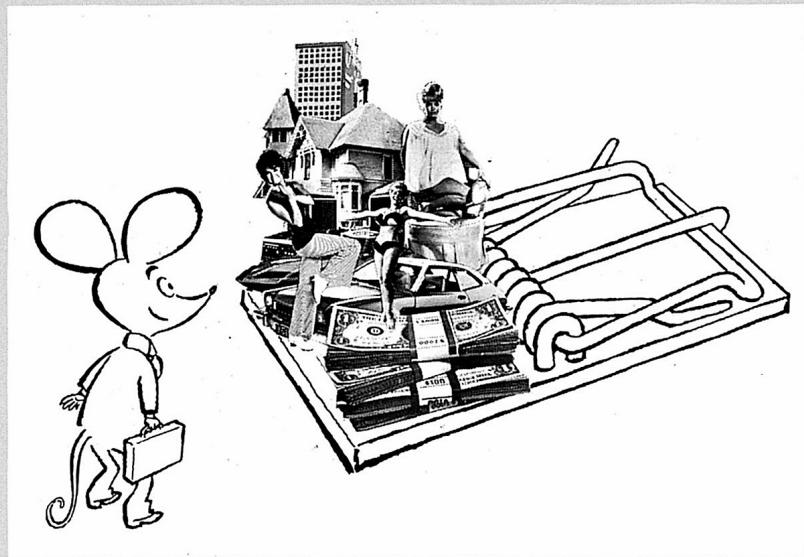
WRITER & ARTIST ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



# CONSUMER SOCIETY



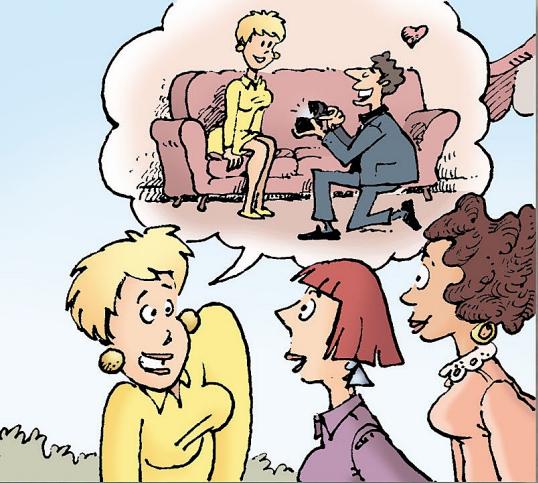
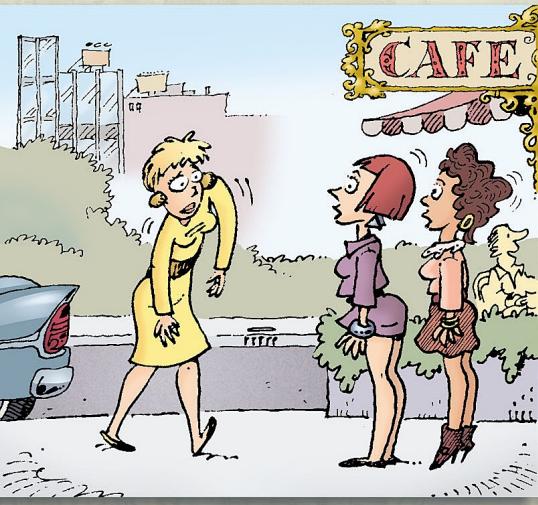
PHOTO CREDITS: U.P.I., BETHLEHEM STEEL, FUJI CORP., SONY CORP., CHRYSLER MOTORS, FORD MOTOR CO., VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, R.C.A., HARLEY DAVIDSON INC.  
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #173, MAR 1975

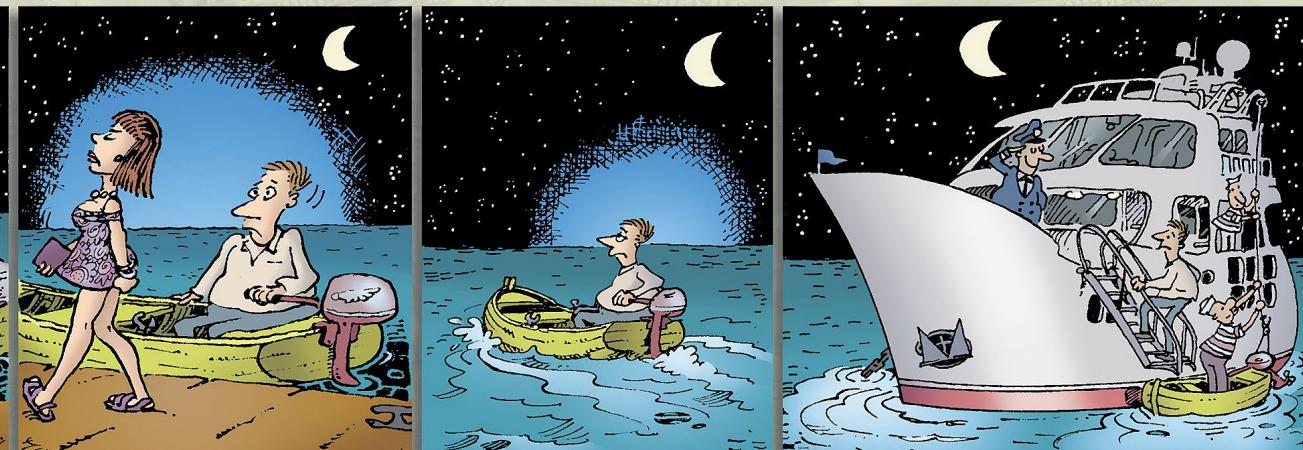
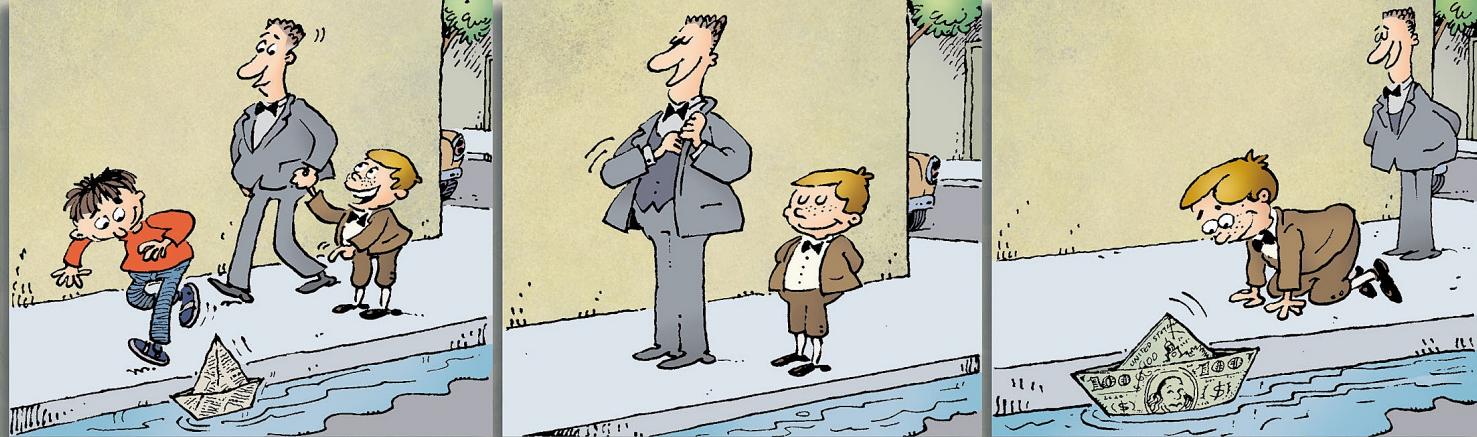


Sergio Aragonés

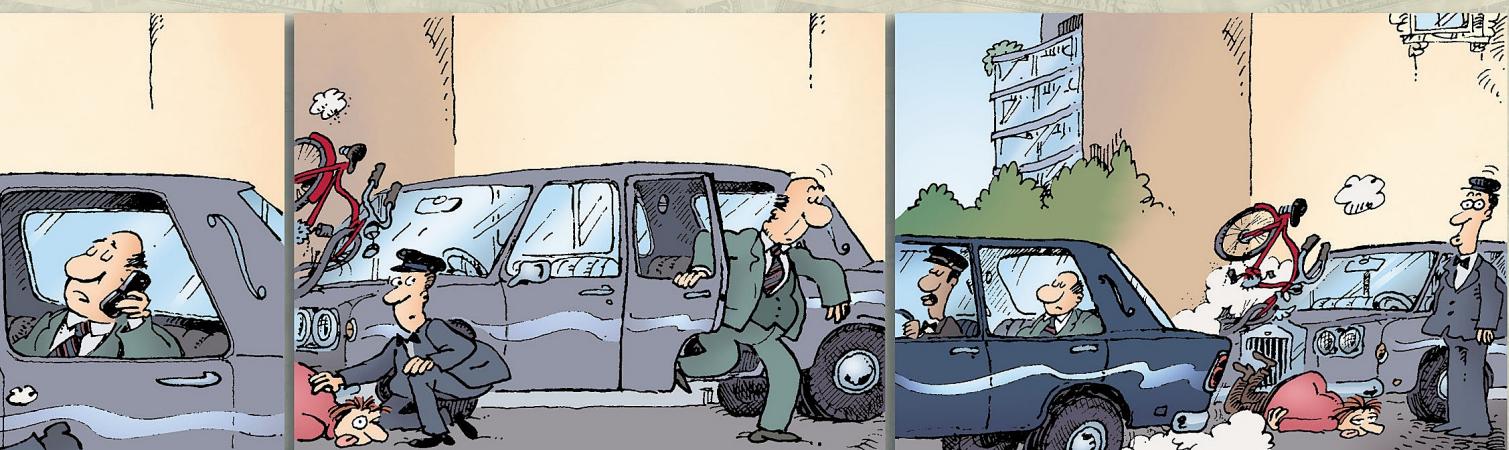
Presents

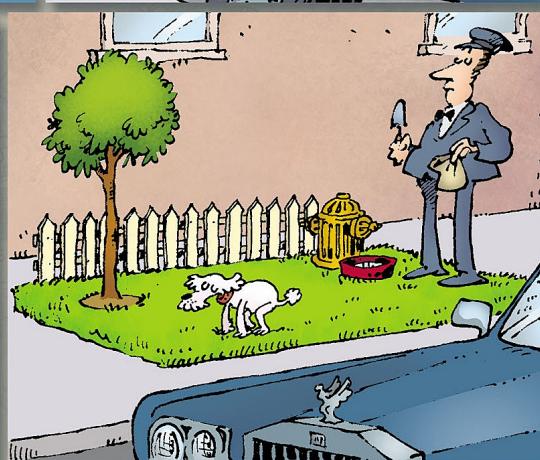
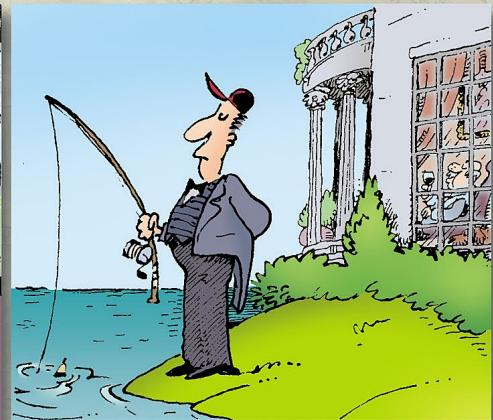
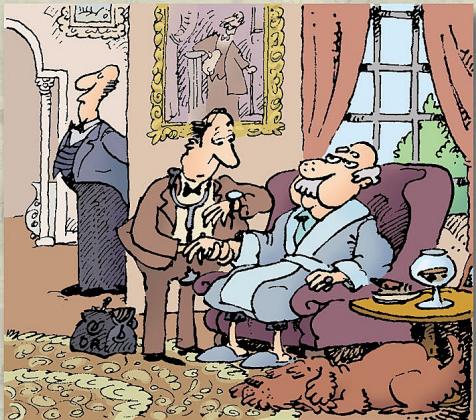
# A MAD LOOK AT THE





WRITER & ARTIST SERGIO ARAGONÉS









# WHEN YOU'RE POOR... A

## WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you're a glutton.

## WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you're a gourmet.

## WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you breed kids like rabbits.

## WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



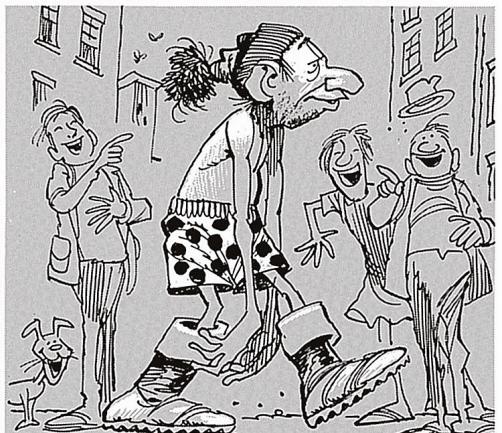
...you throw your money away on booze.

## WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



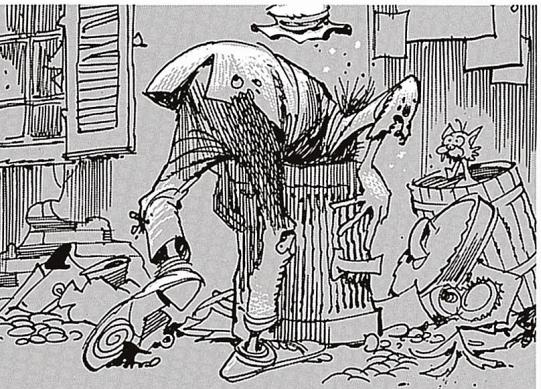
...you have a well-stocked bar.

## WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



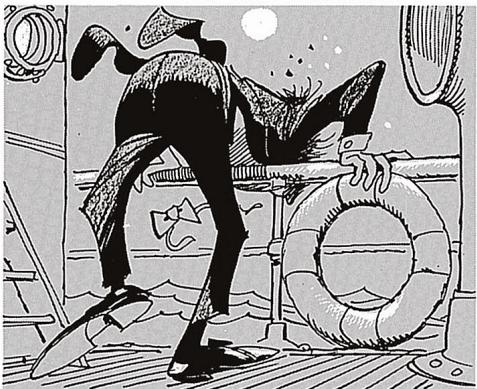
...you're the town weirdo.

## WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you vomit.

## WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you succumb to a sudden attack of nausea.

## WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



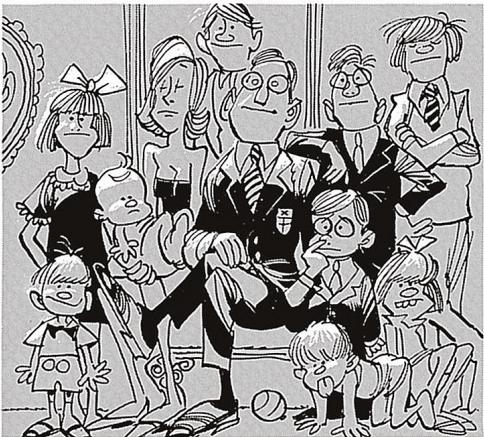
...you gamble away your salary at the track.



# ND... WHEN YOU'RE RICH

ARTIST JACK DAVIS

## WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you're blessed with a large family.

## WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you're the local eccentric.

## WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you have a bad day, handicapping.

## WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you gossip.

## WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you own a mutt.

## WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



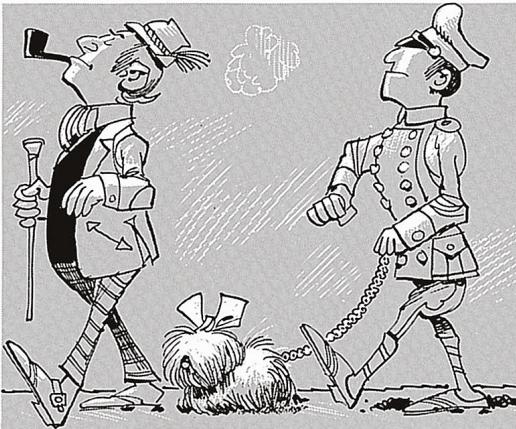
...you're a punk who's a menace on the highway, and should be locked up.

## WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you bring each other up to date.

## WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you possess a mixed breed.

## WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you're sowing wild oats and getting some devilishness out of your system.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #190, APR 1977

I'm George Clooney, aka Dante Lotion, the leader of the greatest band of robbers and con men ever assembled for a film that should never have been remade! There are two plans here! The first is to pull the heist of the century and rob the vault of the Smellagio! That's a breeze! The second is looking like cooler cats than Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr. We tank on that one! They were the Rat Pack! We're closer to the Blah Bunch! We're stiff, lifeless and devoid of personality! Meet the...

# NO END



That's Brad Pitt, aka Crusty Coolhand! He's hustled casinos worldwide! He's my right-hand man and the second coolest guy in this film! He likes to say he's Robin to my Batman, but I don't like to be reminded about that movie! Not my best work!

More people got nauseous watching that film than *The Perfect Storm*! Including me! That's what we do here on this film...playful banter! Lots of tossed-off lines that sound ad-libby but are scripted, of course! Hey, you know a film's in trouble when Brad Pitt is the go-to comedy guy!



Meet Matt Damon, aka Listless Cartel, aka "The Kid"! His specialty: picking pockets! Why do we need a pickpocket to rob a Vegas vault? We don't! We wanted one more pretty boy for insurance! Not for the heist — for the box office! Let's face it, they might as well call this film *The Invasion of the Damn Cute Guys*!



Next comes Bernie Mac, aka Crank Brazen! He's the "inside man"! His job: he can deal cards and watch everything that takes place on the casino floor! So far all he's seen are hookers, fat tourists and a drunk lounge singer throwing up on a Keno waitress! Ah, there's nothing like the glamour and glitz of Las Vegas!



Next comes Eddie Jemison, aka Livingston Dull, aka "The Geek"! Livingston is the nervous surveillance expert! He's a specialist in electronics, computers and wiring! His job is A) to help pull off the heist and B) afterwards, to hook everybody in the group up with illegal cable!

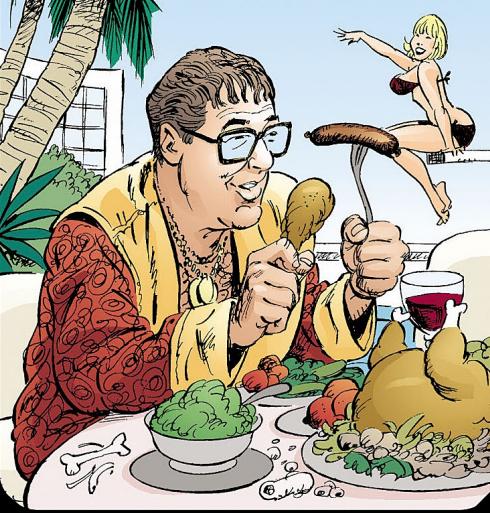


# MOTIONS ELEVEN

That's Don Cheadle, aka Trashar Barr! He's our demolitions expert! TNT, plastiques, wireless exploding devices are his specialty! He can blow up anything! If I were him, my first job would be to attach a pipe bomb to the acting coach who taught him the cockamamie cockney accent he uses throughout this film! I warn you, you're not going to understand one word he says! Hell, I don't either!



Over there is Elliot Gould, aka Ruby Mishigoss! There goes our hip factor! Elliot plays the film's money man! He bankrolls our operation! This heist is dangerous, but he likes the action! Hell, he's used to long shots! He was once married to Barbra Streisand! Yeesh! Talk about bad odds!



That other old geezer is Carl Reiner, aka Sol Gloom! Early in his career Carl worked with Sid Caesar, Mel Brooks, Neil Simon and Larry Gelbart, the funniest group ever assembled! They had him laughing all the time! Carl says hanging around with this group is a nice change!

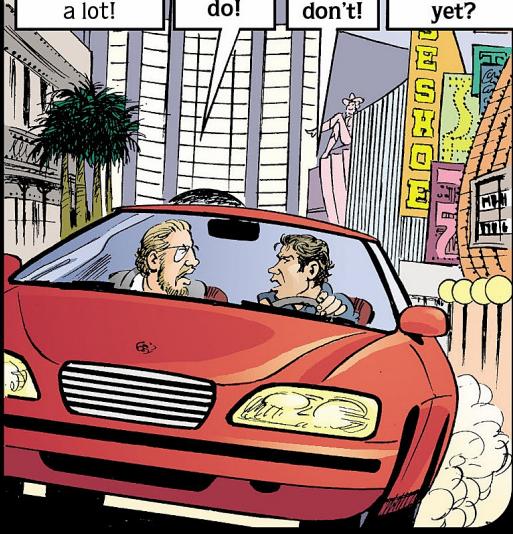


I now bow to Shaobo Qui, aka "The Amazing Yawn," an acrobat who can fit into small spaces! During the heist he folds his body in half and gets into the tiniest places! Incidentally, there is also a huge hole I can dive into! It's called the plot! There's enough room there for me, Yawn and every voter whose ballot wasn't counted in Florida!

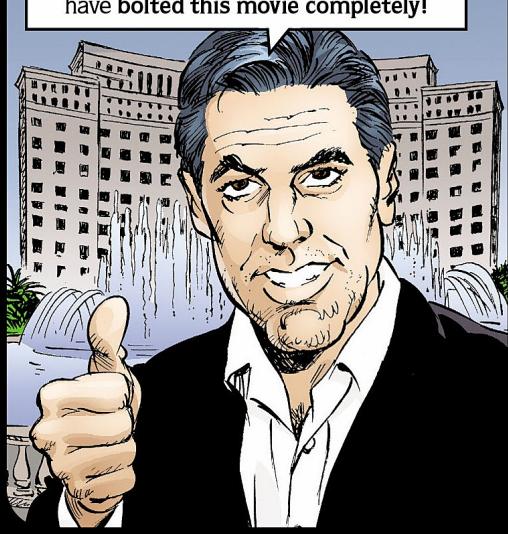


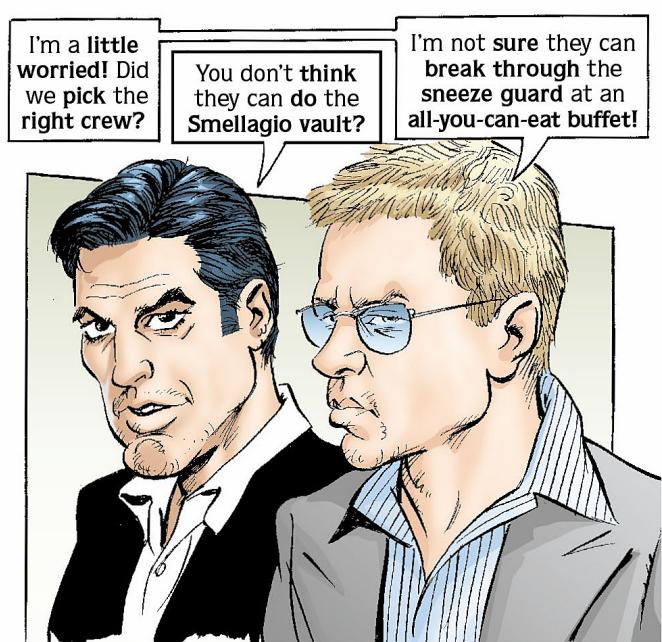
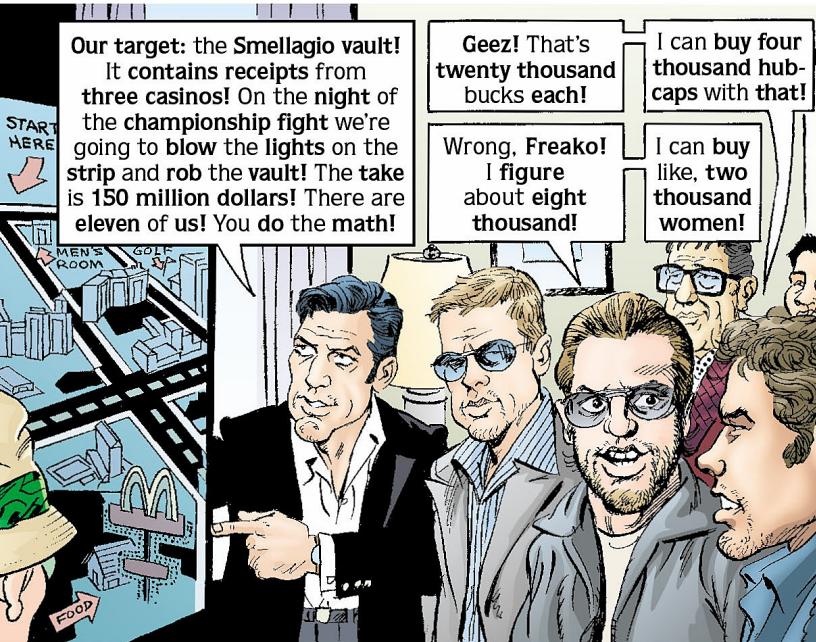
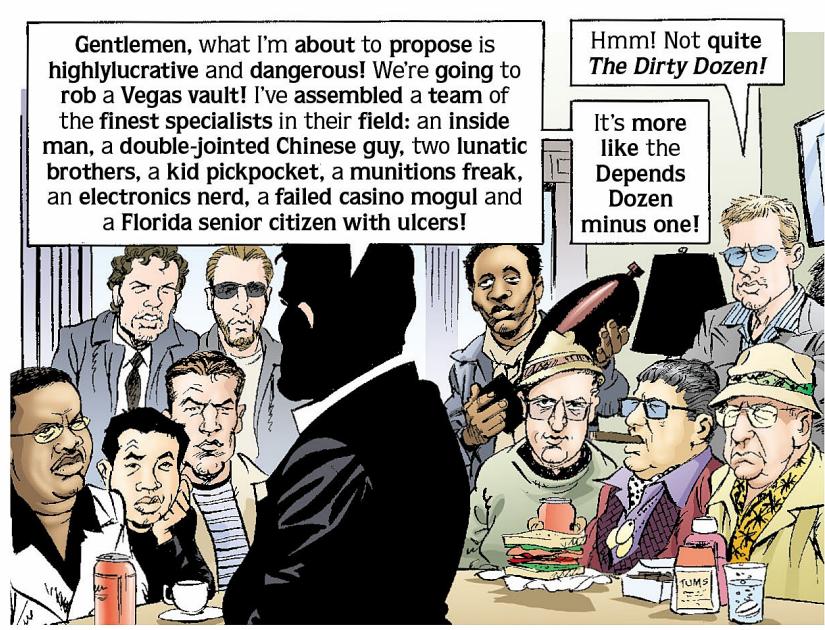
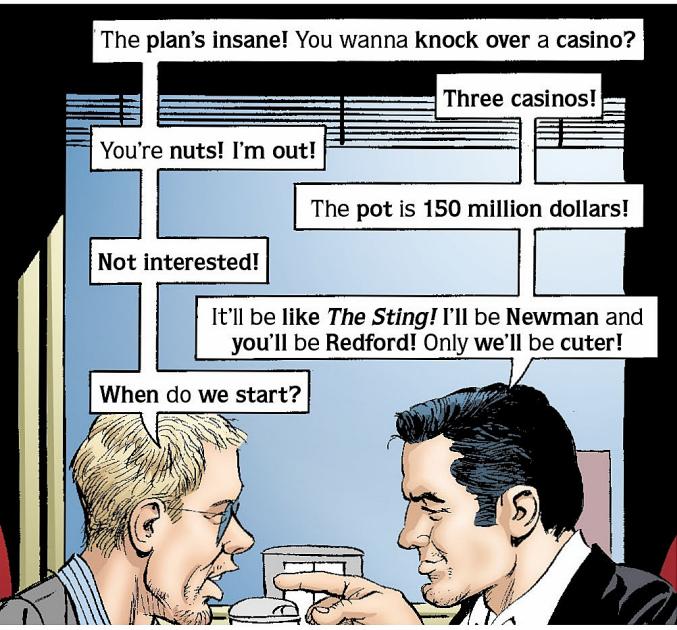
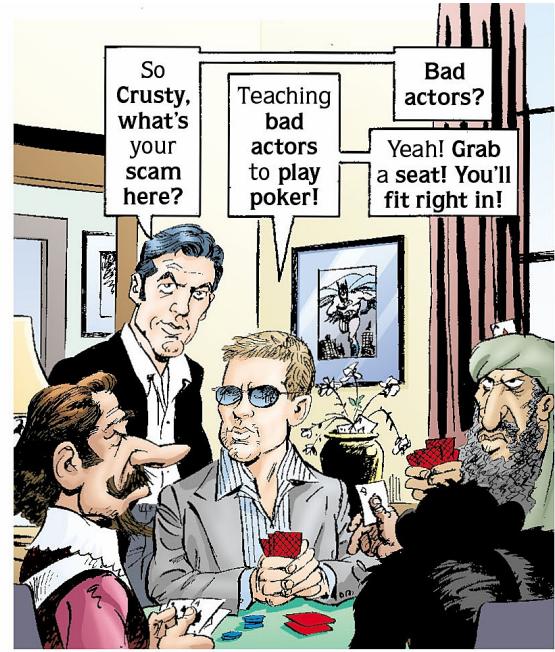
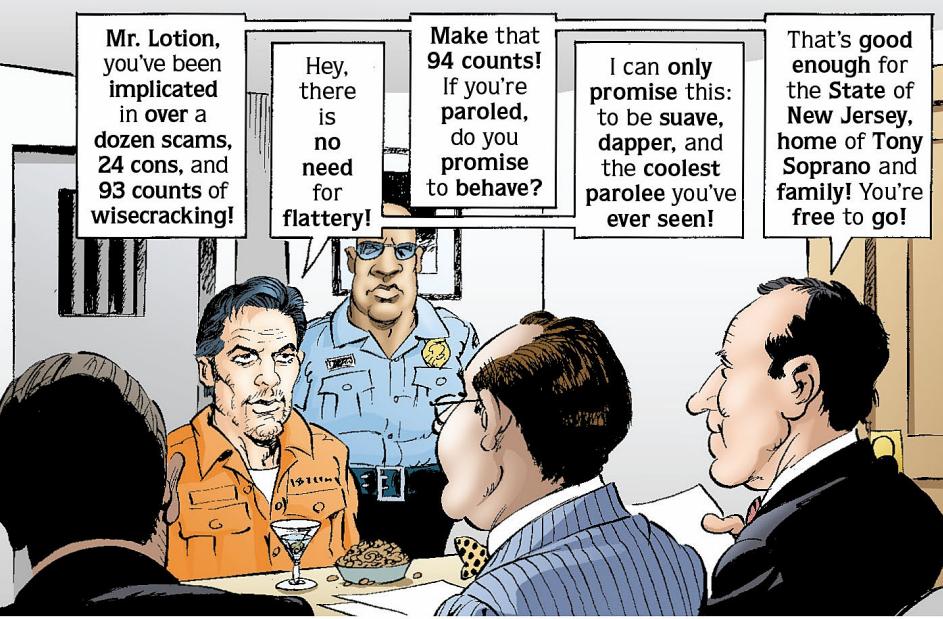
These next two are Scott Caan and Casey "Yes, Ben's my brother" Affleck! They're the zany truck and car guys, Turk and Virgil Malloy! In this film they basically drive cars around and argue! Let's listen in...

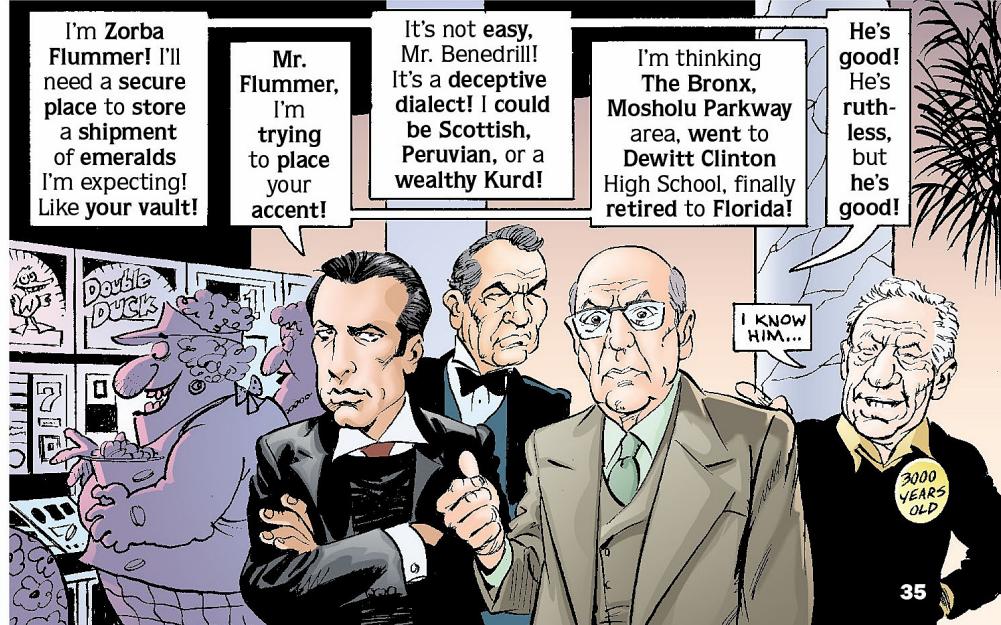
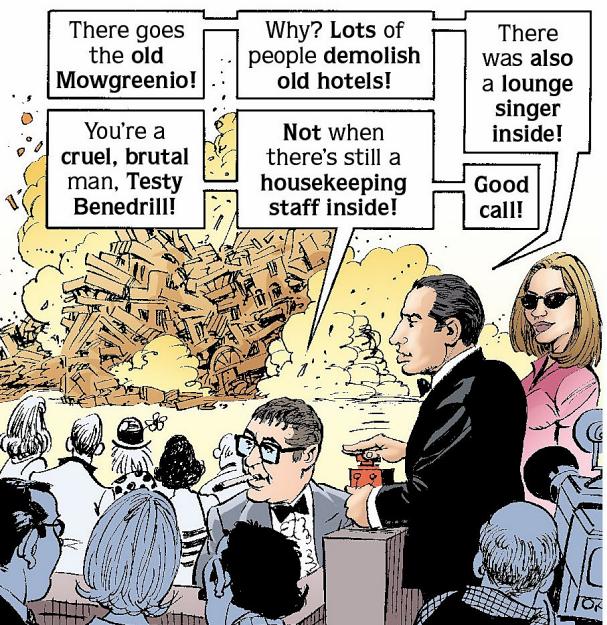
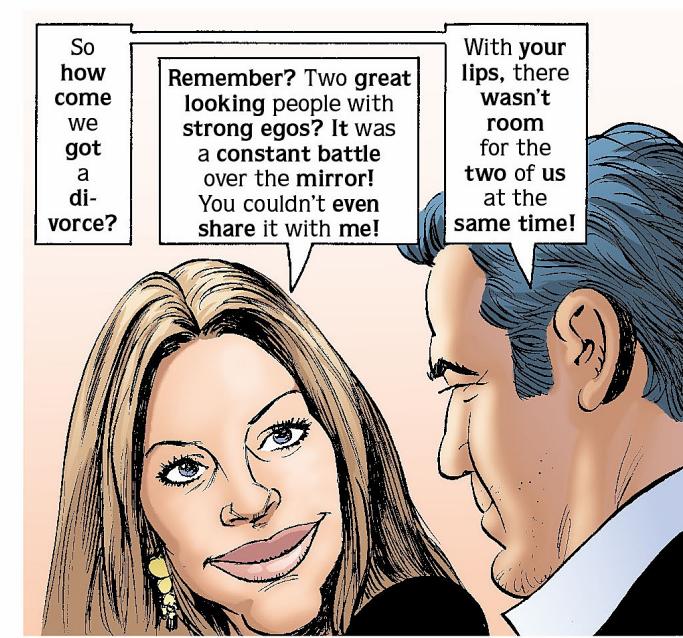
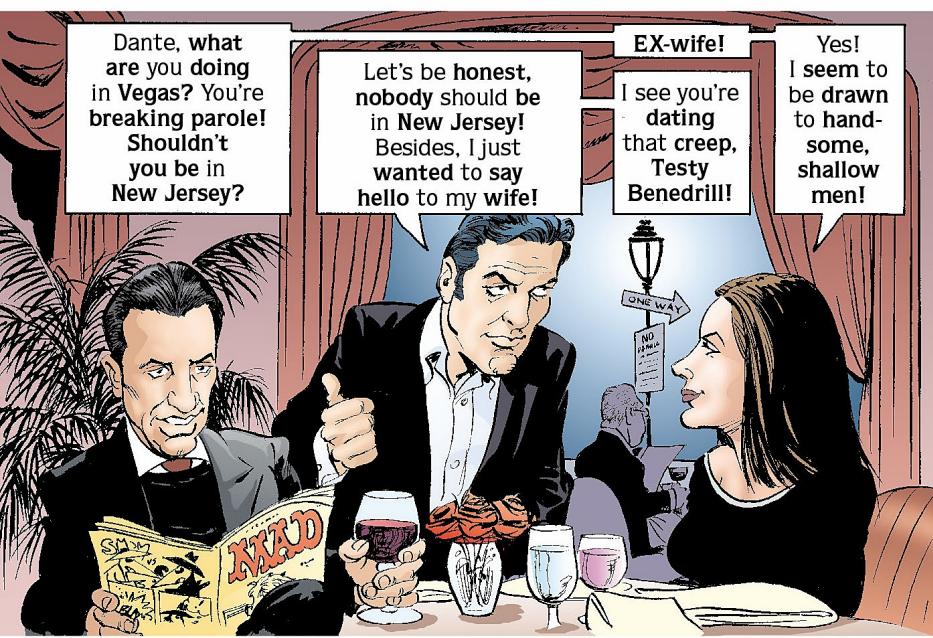
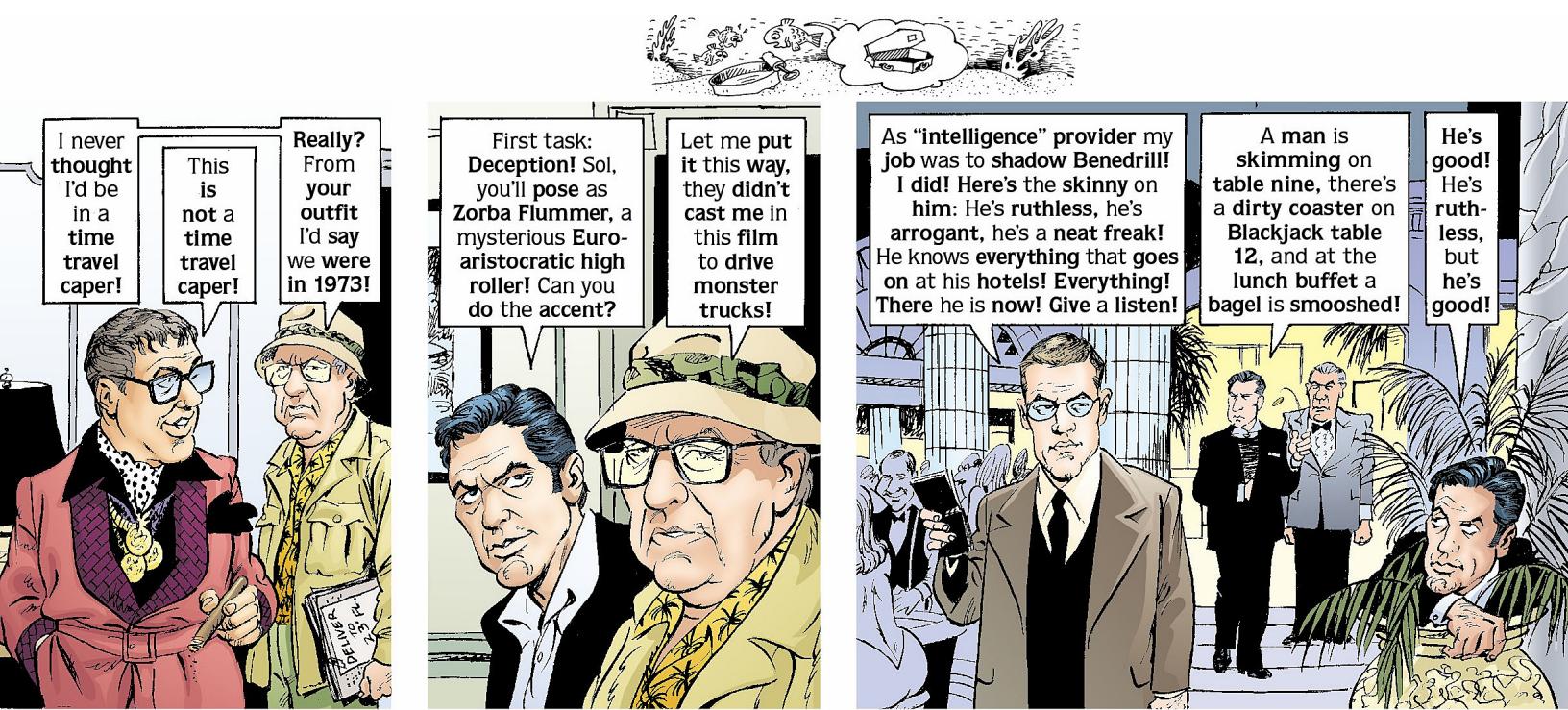
No, we don't argue a lot!  
Yes, we do!  
No, we don't!  
Are you laughing yet?

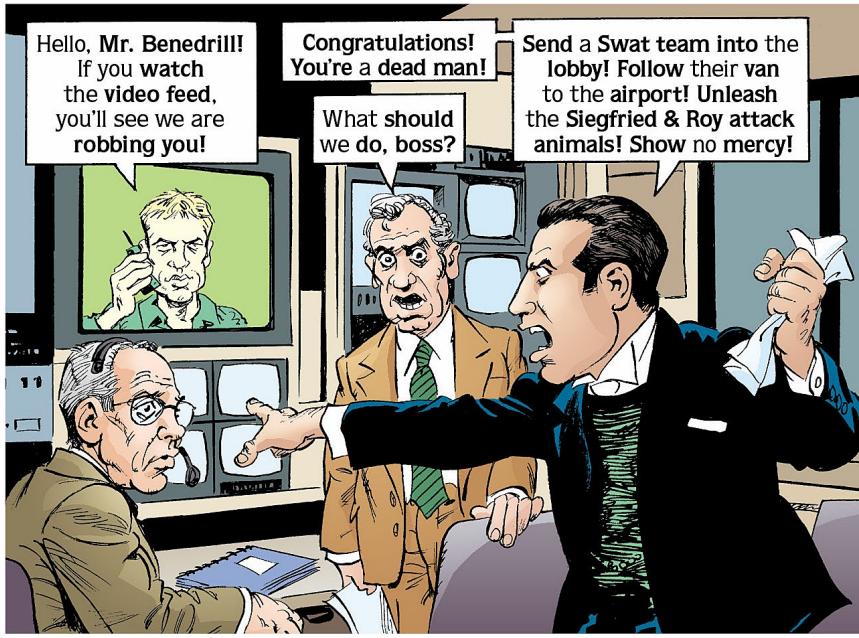
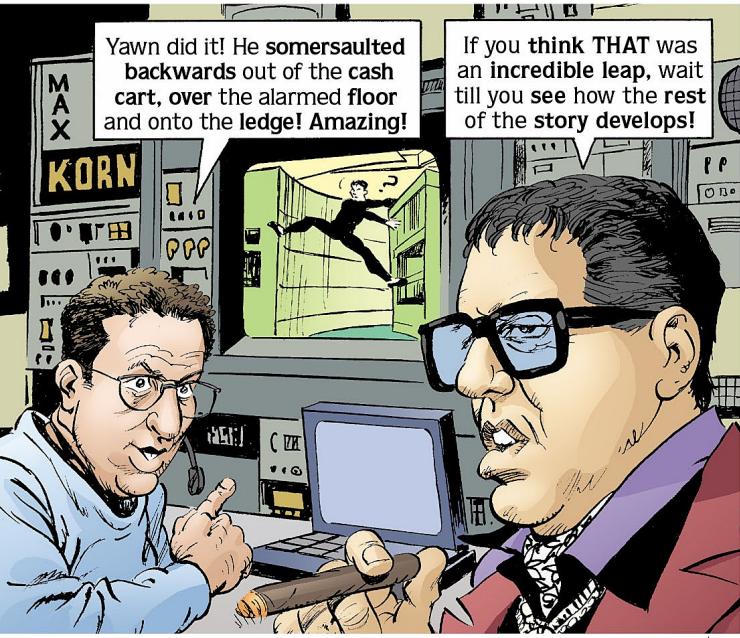
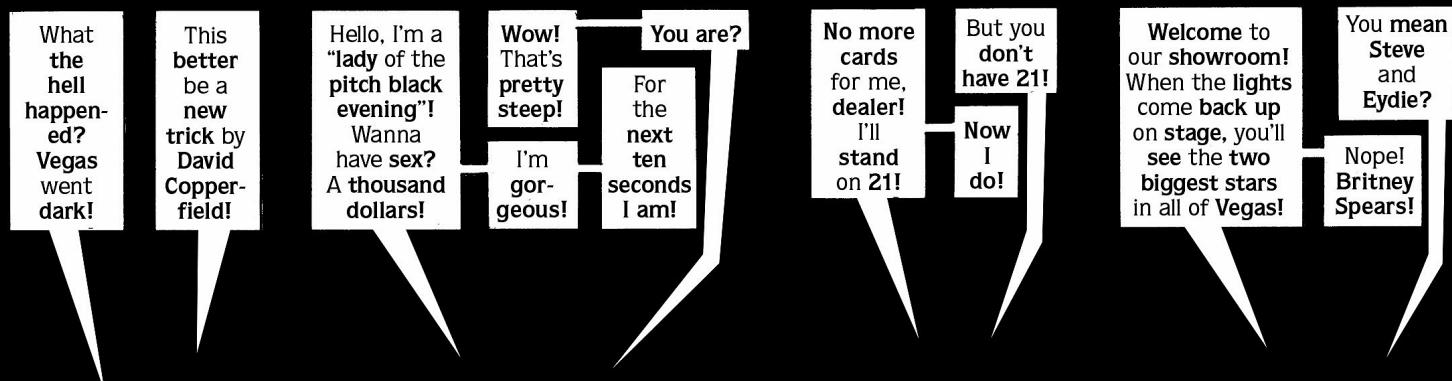
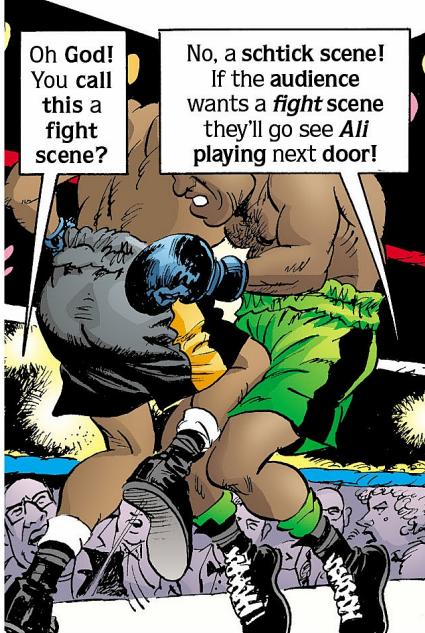


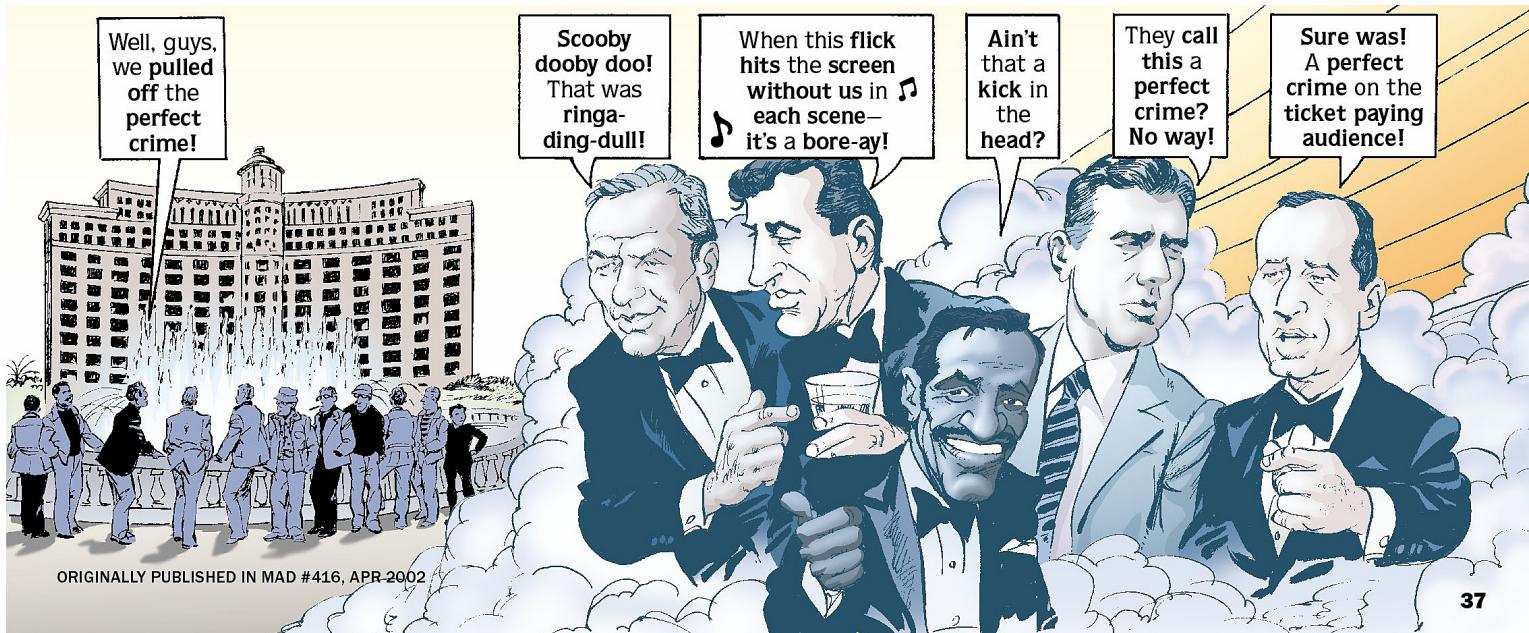
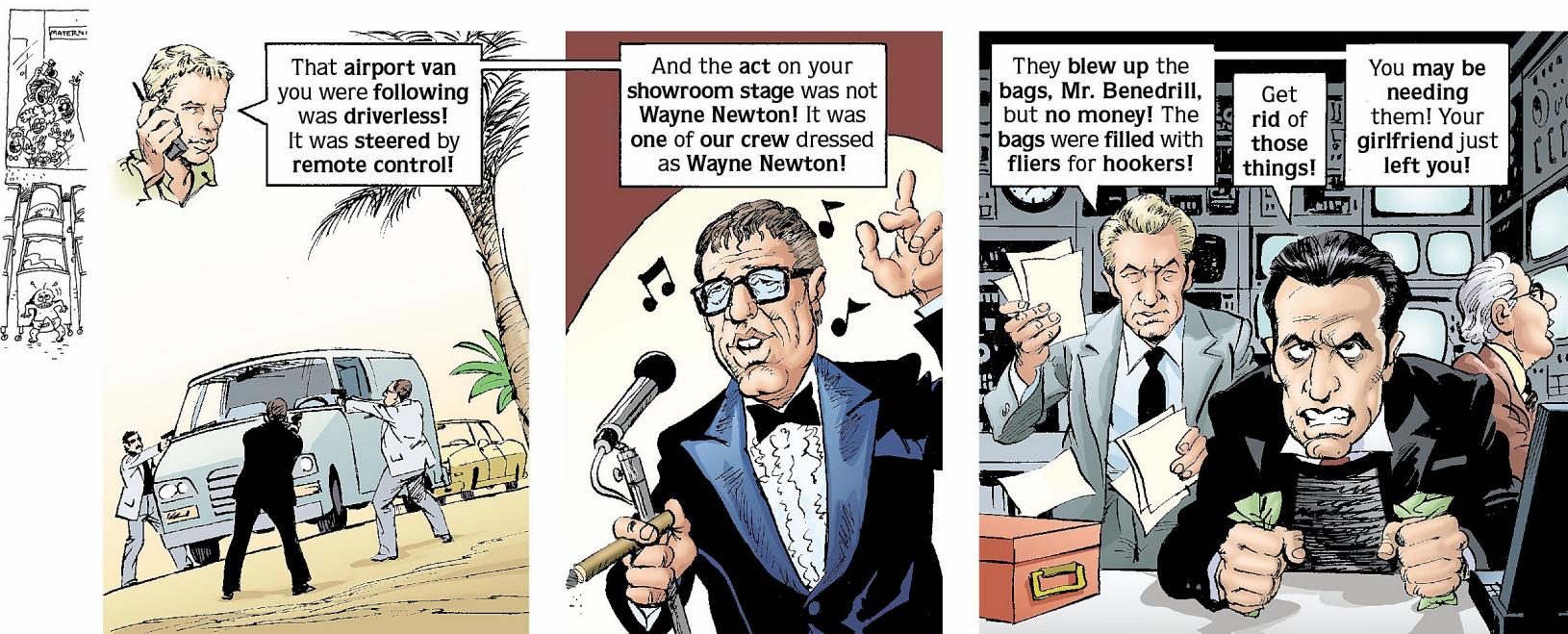
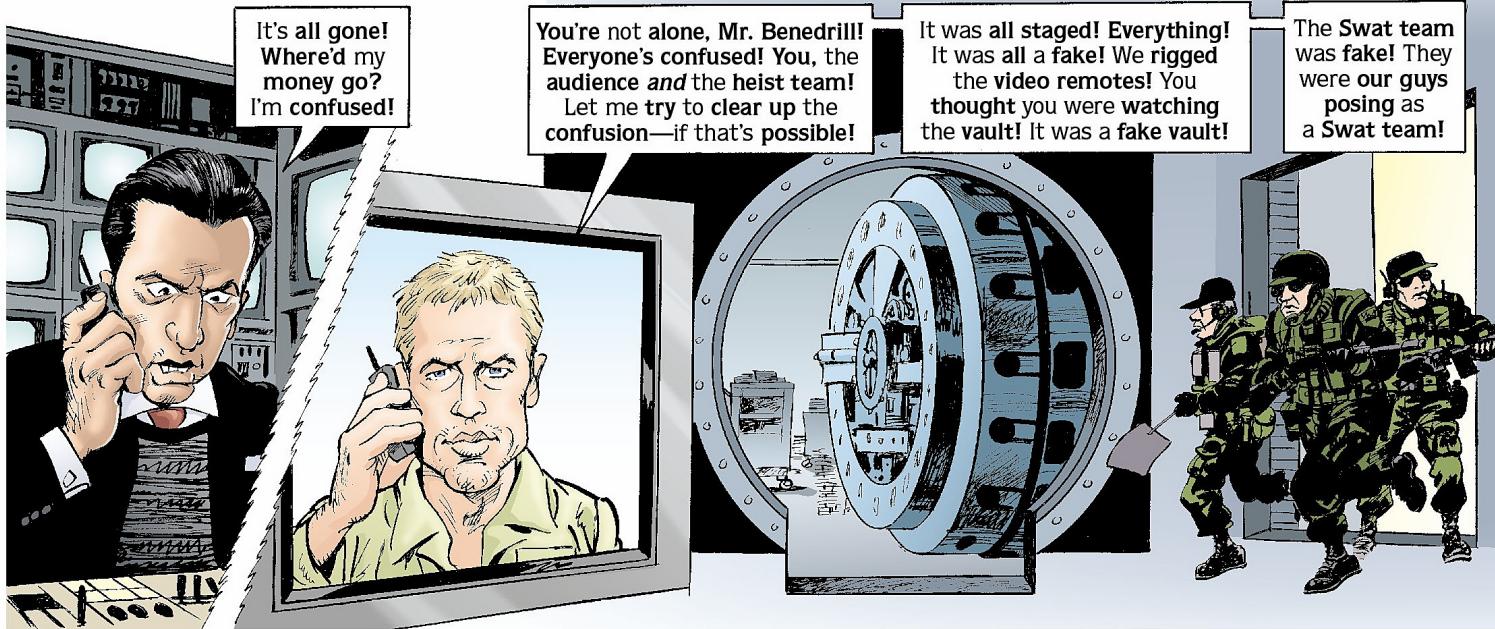
Later on you'll meet Andy Garcia, aka Testy Benedrill! He's the second most powerful man in Vegas after Siegfried and Roy! He's also dating Julia Roberts, aka my former wife, Tush! Julia's the fifth prettiest person in the film. Thank goodness Gould and Reiner aren't hunks or I think she would have bolted this movie completely!













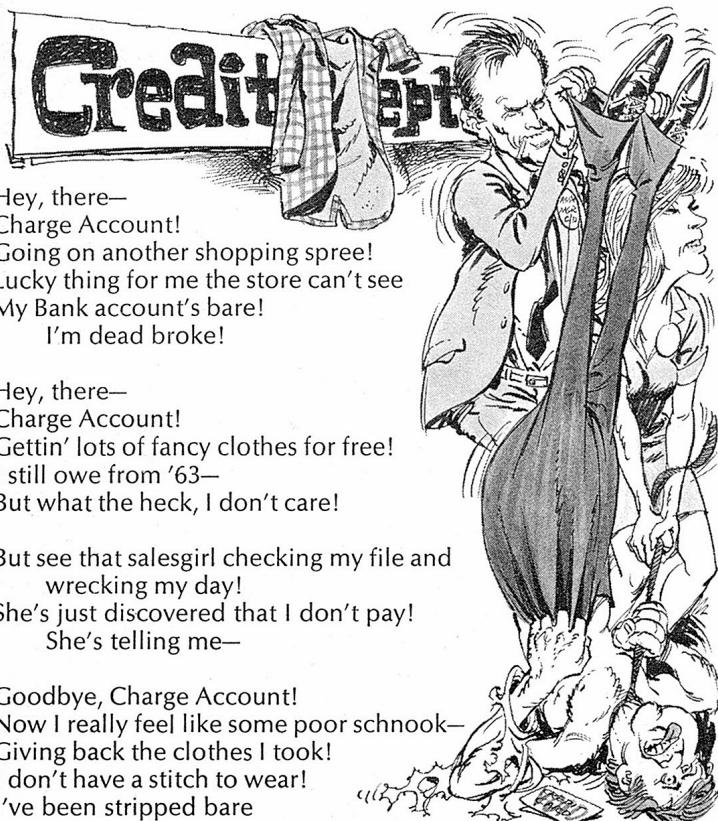
## STATUS WOE DEPT.

In recent issues, MAD has presented songs praising two highly important areas in our lives—mainly Food and Pets. Since then, however, we have discovered that there is a third area even more powerful, even more time-consuming, even more important. Yessir, we've discovered that the most vital force in our lives today is our never-ending, mouth-watering quest for Wealth and Possessions! Join us now as we pay tribute to big-spenders, money-grubbers, status-seekers and fortune hunters with these . . .

# SONGS OF WEALTH PROPERTY AND POSSESSIONS

### THE CHARGE ACCOUNT CHANTY

(Sung to the tune of "Georgy Girl")



### BALLAD FOR A BOOK-BUYER

(Sung to the tune of  
"I Get A Kick Out Of You")

I'm joining book-clubs galore!

There is no end

To the books that they send!  
And each time I buy two or three—  
Then I get a book that is free!



I fill up shelves by the score!

I can't resist!

There's no novel I've missed!  
'Cause when I get their list I foresee  
That I'll get a book that is free!

I'm getting books, and my friends agree—

They think I really need them!

I'm getting books, though 'tween you and me  
I never find time to read them!

Each month they're sending me more!

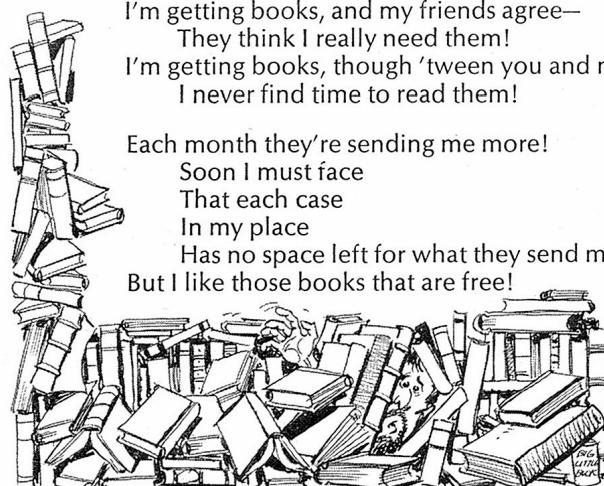
Soon I must face

That each case

In my place

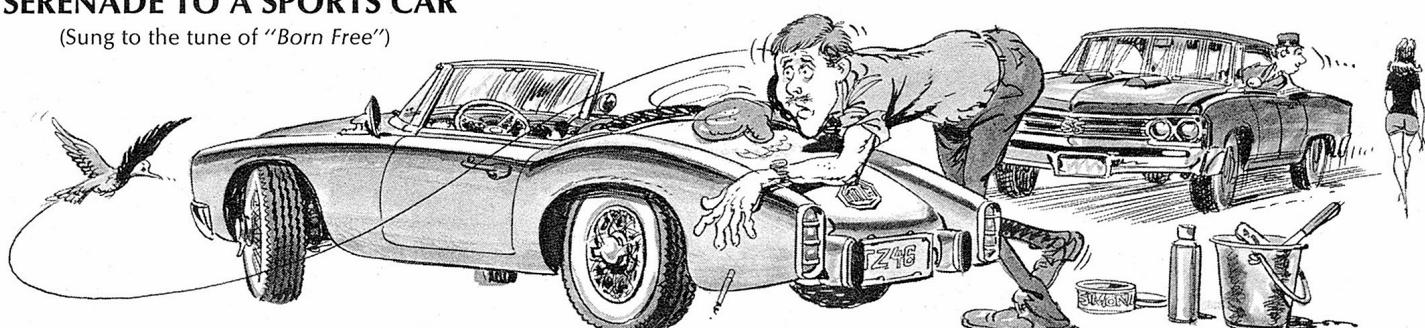
Has no space left for what they send me!

But I like those books that are free!



### SERENADE TO A SPORTS CAR

(Sung to the tune of "Born Free")



MG—  
I live just to touch you!  
When I double-clutch you,  
MG, it gives me a thrill!

MG—  
I love your ignition,  
Your four-speed transmission,  
Your points, your plugs and your grill!

MG—  
When I look inside you,  
The sight of each piston rod  
Brings me closer to God!

MG—  
I'll wash you and wax you!  
If some Chevy smacks you,  
I'll die, M...G...!

# ALTH, POSSESSIONS, GREED, D CREEPING MATERIALISM

WRITER FRANK JACOBS ARTIST GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

## BALLAD FOR A MINK COAT

(Sung to the tune of  
*"The Girl That I Marry"*)



The mink I'm possessing,  
It's plain to see,  
Has given me su-per-i-or-i-ty!  
Those gorgeous, costly pelts  
Convince me I'm better than anyone else!  
My friends flock around me when I stroll by!  
They look at my coat with a jealous eye!  
I'm concealing—  
Not revealing—  
With a second-hand Thrift-Shop I'm dealing!  
A coat for impressing  
The mink I'm possessing  
Will be!

## THE ART COLLECTOR'S LAMENT

(Sung to the tune of "Maria")

Picasso!  
I just bought an oil by Picasso!  
It didn't cost me much!  
At 80 grand it's such  
A steal!



Picasso!  
An expert just saw my Picasso!  
And suddenly I'm told  
This painting I've been sold  
Ain't real!



Picasso!  
I am trying to serve a subpoena!  
But the dealer's fled to Argentina!  
Picasso!  
I'm stuck with a phony Picasso!

## ANTHEM FOR AN OVEN

(Sung to the tune of  
*"I'm Looking Over A Four-Leaf Clover"*)

We're really lovin'  
Our brand-new oven!  
There's nothing that thrills us more!  
It's real expensive  
With chrome on the door!  
It's so extensive  
It takes up a floor!  
Cakes we're not baking—  
No meals it's making—  
That's not what we bought it for!  
We can't deny it!  
We had to buy it  
To outdo the folks next door!



## HYMN TO A RICH AUNT

(Sung to the tune of  
*"You're A Grand Old Flag"*)

She's a mean old bag!  
She's a nasty old bag!  
And forever she's filled us with hate!  
But we treat her sweet  
And kiss her feet  
And tell her we think that she's great!



Let her curse at us!  
We will not raise a fuss  
When she starts in to scream and nag!  
For we all are counting what we'll get  
From the will of that mean old bag!

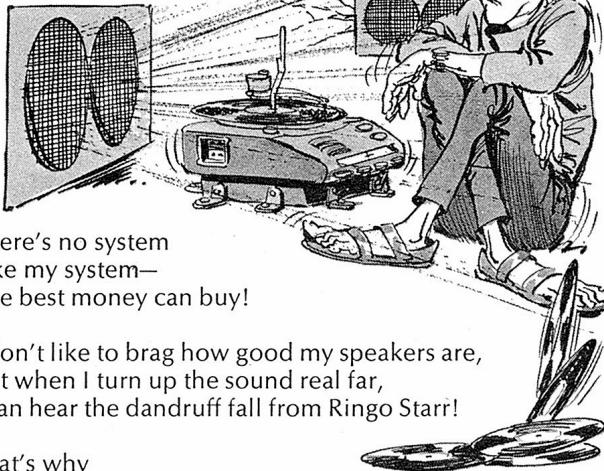
## HYMN TO A HI-FI SYSTEM

(Sung to the tune of  
"There's No Business Like Show Business")

There's no Hi-Fi  
That's more Hi-Fi  
Than my Hi-Fi  
Is Hi!

Music through my pre-amp sounds real clear now!

There's no hiss or rumble I can't squelch!  
Every single sound can reach my ear now!  
I even hear now  
Stokowski belch!



There's no system  
Like my system—  
The best money can buy!

I don't like to brag how good my speakers are,  
But when I turn up the sound real far,  
I can hear the dandruff fall from Ringo Starr!

That's why  
I've got Hi-Fi!

## SONG FOR A SLEEP-IN MAID

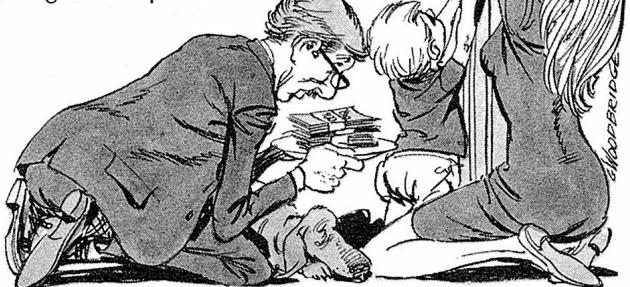
(Sung to the tune of  
"I'm In The Mood For Love")

We've got a sleep-in maid!  
Though she is quite demanding,  
If we show understanding,  
We'll keep our sleep-in maid!

She doesn't like our kids!  
Meals throw her in a quandary!  
Monday we did her laundry!  
To keep our sleep-in maid!

She gets a rash from dusting!  
Vacuuming makes her cough!  
But we are fast adjusting—  
We simply say:  
"Take the day off!"

Golly, we hope she stays!  
Breakfast in bed we'll serve her!  
Clearly, we don't deserve her!  
We've got a sleep-in maid!



## THE ANTIQUE WALTZ

(Sung to the tune of  
"My Cup Runneth Over")

At seven this morning I wake with a start—  
The bed that's beneath me is falling apart!  
My antique piano caves in with a *klunk!*  
My house runneth over

With juh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-unk!

A few moments later a lamp-shade comes loose  
And falls on the head of that giant, stuffed moose!  
I fracture my toe on an old, rusty trunk!  
My house runneth over

With juh-hu-uh-uh-uh-uh-unk!

The air is all musty; the furniture reeks—  
And yet I keep going on buying antiques!  
I wish I could stop, but I guess that I'm sunk!  
My house runneth over with juh-uh-uh-unk—

With juh-unck, with juh-unck, with juh-unck!



## MELODY FOR A MILLIONAIRE

(Sung to the tune of  
"The Girl From Ipanema")



Short and fat and bald and ugly,  
The guy from Jersey City is loaded,  
And when she sees him, my girl she lets out a "Wow!"  
Strings of pearls and diamond bracelets  
And coats of mink are what he gives her  
And now I'm knowing just why my girl she went "Wow!"

True—he looks dumpy and funny!  
Still—she does not seem to mind it!  
She—likes the smell of his money!  
But one day she will come back to me—  
Then she'll love me 'cause I will be

Short and fat and bald and ugly,  
The guy from Jersey City who's loaded,  
And she'll be liking that smell of money on me!  
And we'll have a spree!  
Though I'm eighty-three!



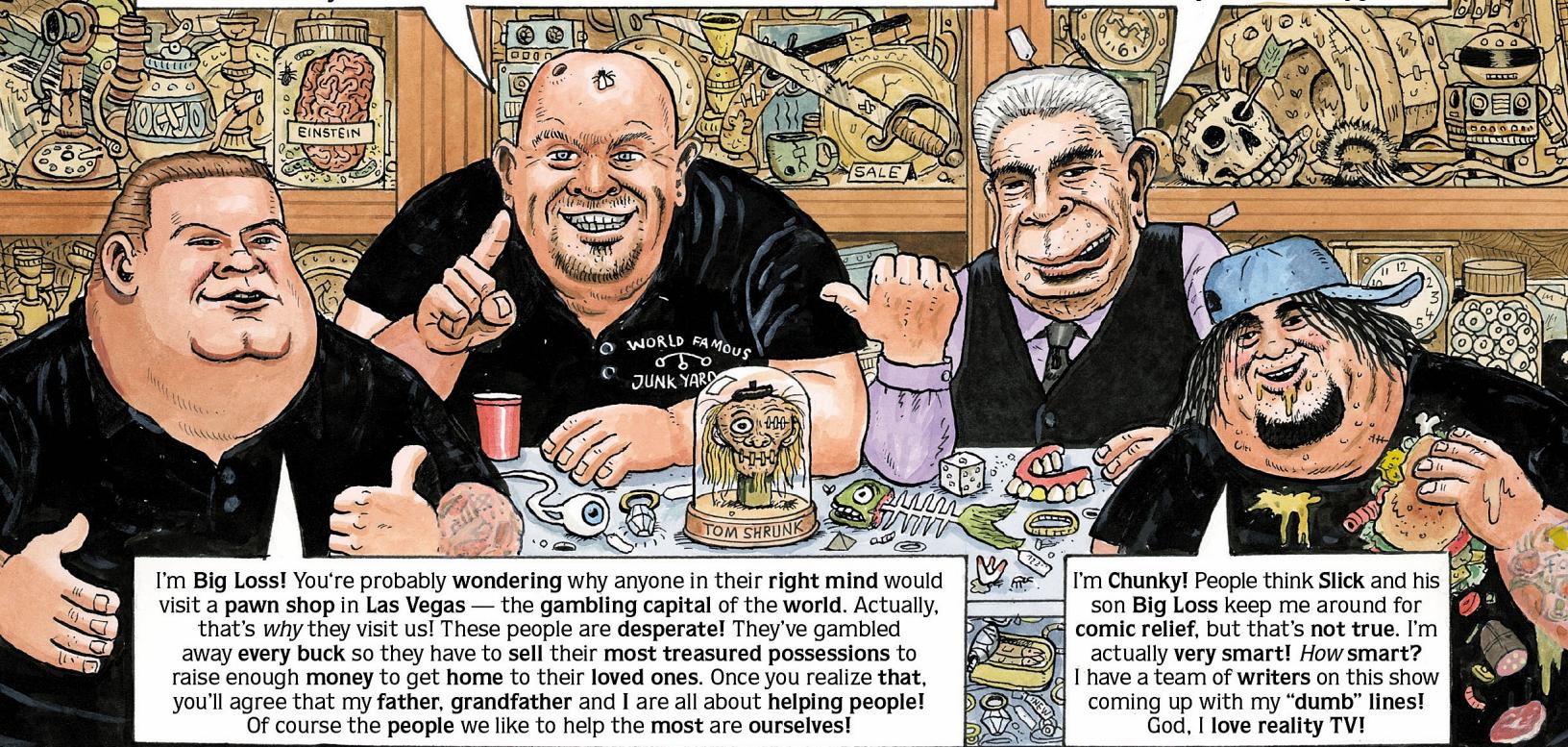
#### HOCK AROUND THE CLOCK DEPT.

Have a piece of crap in the attic you think might be worth a fortune? You don't have to wait until *Antiques Roadshow* comes to your town. Just schlep it out to Vegas where four very laid-back people will check it out when, and if, they feel like it. We're talking about the...

# YAWN Stars

I'm Slick Hair-is-Gone and this is my pawn shop! I work here with my old man and my son, Big Loss. There are three things I learned after 21 years in the pawn shop business. One, you never know what weird crap people are gonna drag in to try and sell. Well, actually we always know because the producers have pre-screened it to make sure it makes for a good episode! But play along for the sake of the show. Two, you never get over how easy it is to buy that crap and unload it on some sucker who thinks he's getting a bargain! And three, you never know how low The History Channel will sink to fill their schedule with ridiculous shows!

My son Slick owns the shop because I left it to him in my will! Technically I'm not dead, but I do so little around here that Slick just assumed I was and took over the shop! My main responsibilities are to annoy my son and my two-ton grandson and to take naps. I excel at my job!



I'm Big Loss! You're probably wondering why anyone in their right mind would visit a pawn shop in Las Vegas — the gambling capital of the world. Actually, that's why they visit us! These people are desperate! They've gambled away every buck so they have to sell their most treasured possessions to raise enough money to get home to their loved ones. Once you realize that, you'll agree that my father, grandfather and I are all about helping people! Of course the people we like to help the most are ourselves!

I'm Chunky! People think Slick and his son Big Loss keep me around for comic relief, but that's not true. I'm actually very smart! How smart? I have a team of writers on this show coming up with my "dumb" lines! God, I love reality TV!

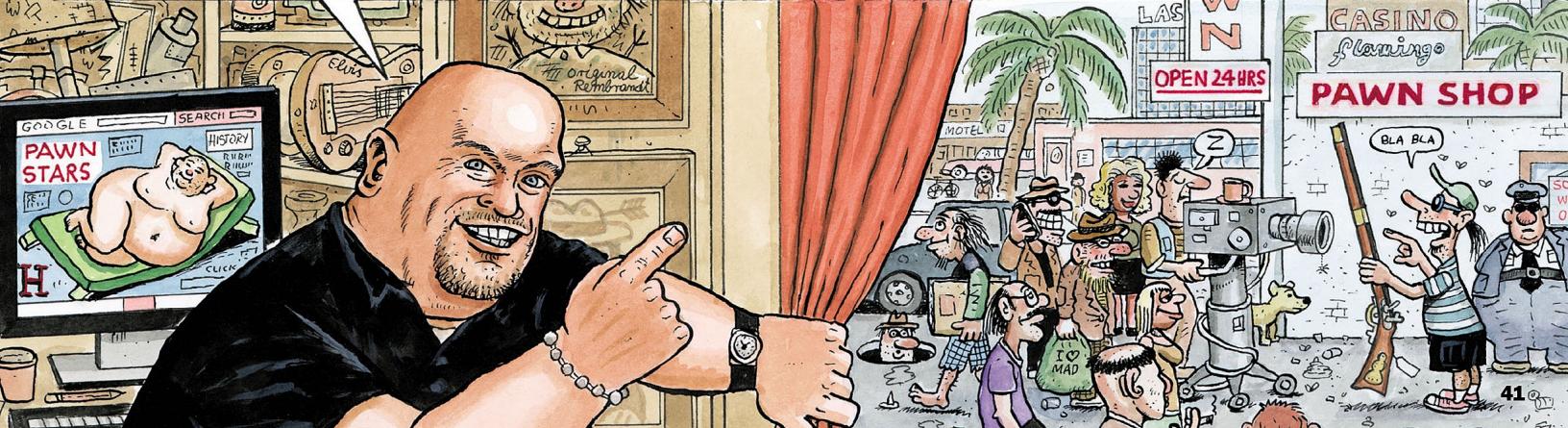
WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO ARTIST TOM BUNK

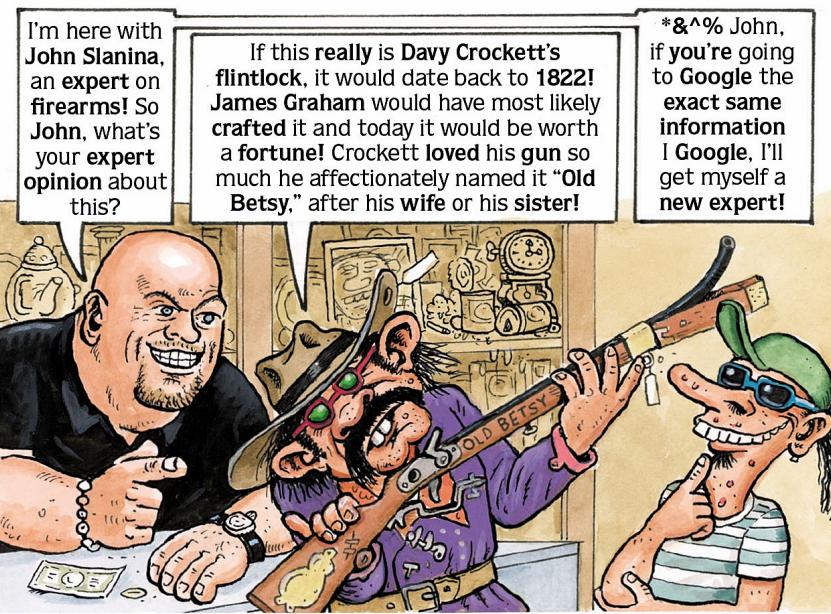
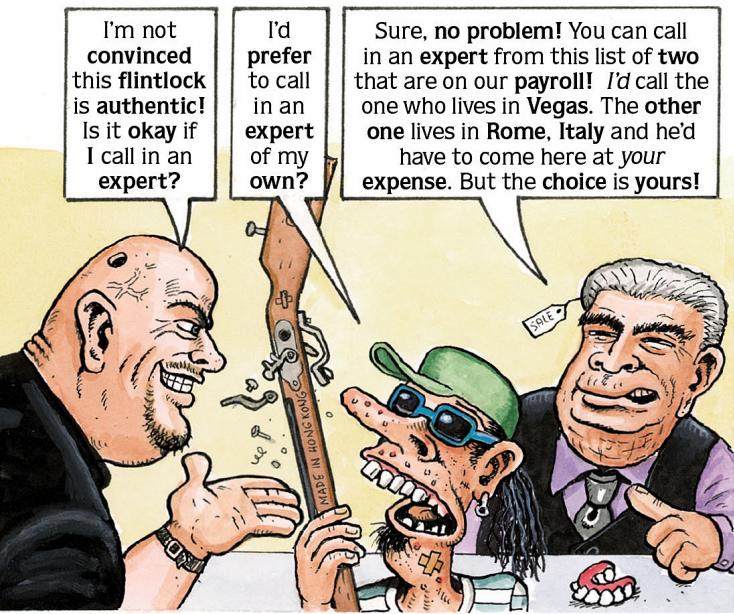
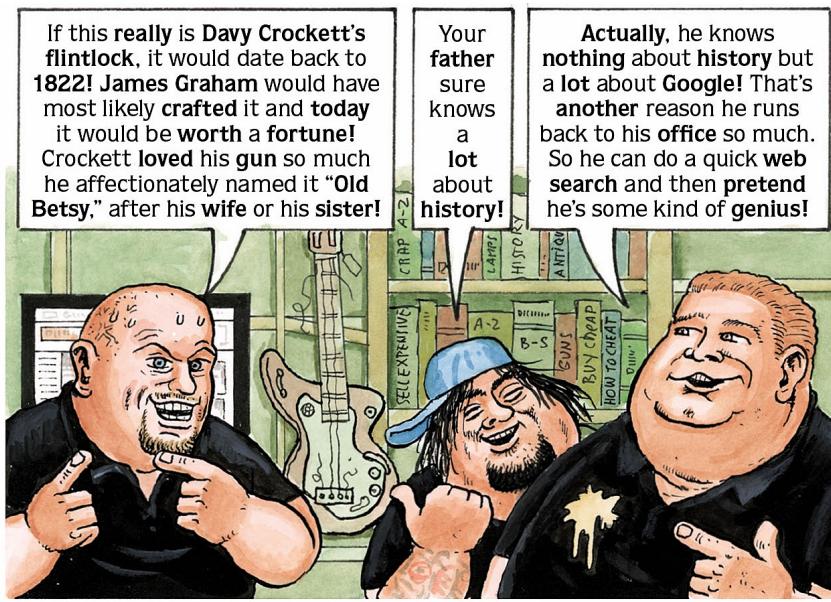
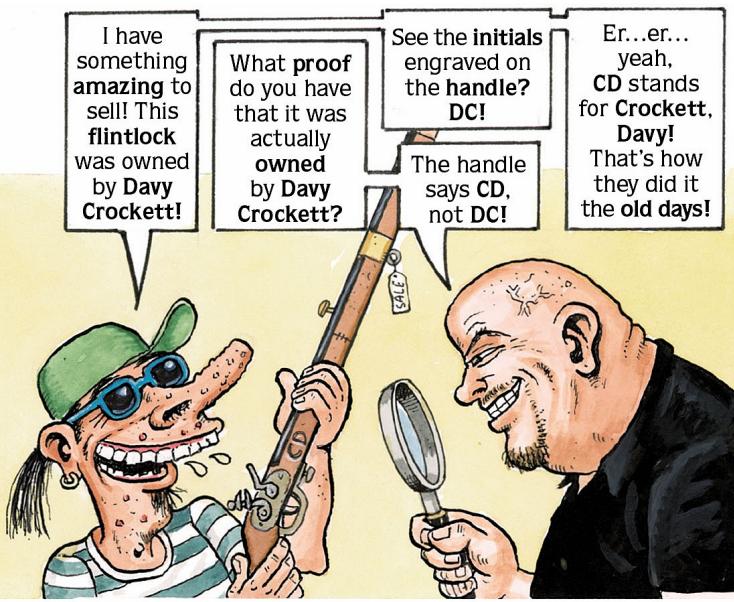
Here's how the show works: I come back here to my office where the customer can't hear me and I tell the TV audience how much I really want to buy an item someone's brought in and how much I'm willing to pay.

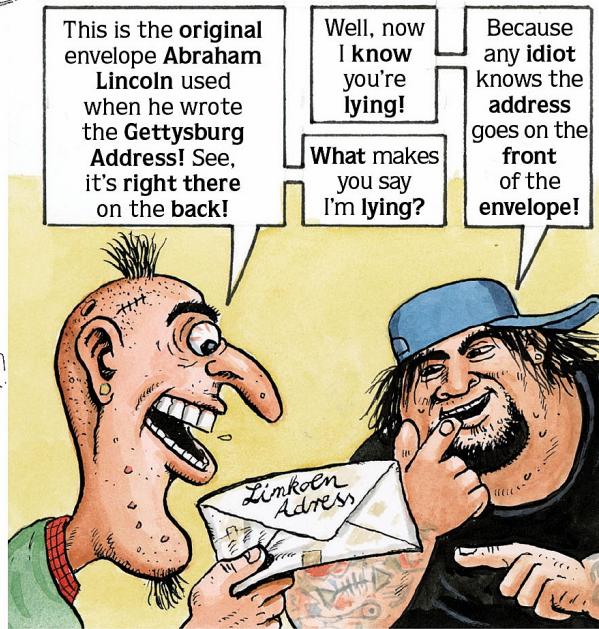
Meanwhile, outside the shop, the customer tells the TV audience how much they'd like to get for the item they brought in and what's the lowest amount of money they'll take.

There's just one difference! The customer can't hear what I'm prepared to pay, but the producers secretly tell me what the lowest amount of money the customer is willing to take!

That's why the odds of us making money here in the pawn shop are 100 times better than the money the slots make for the casinos!



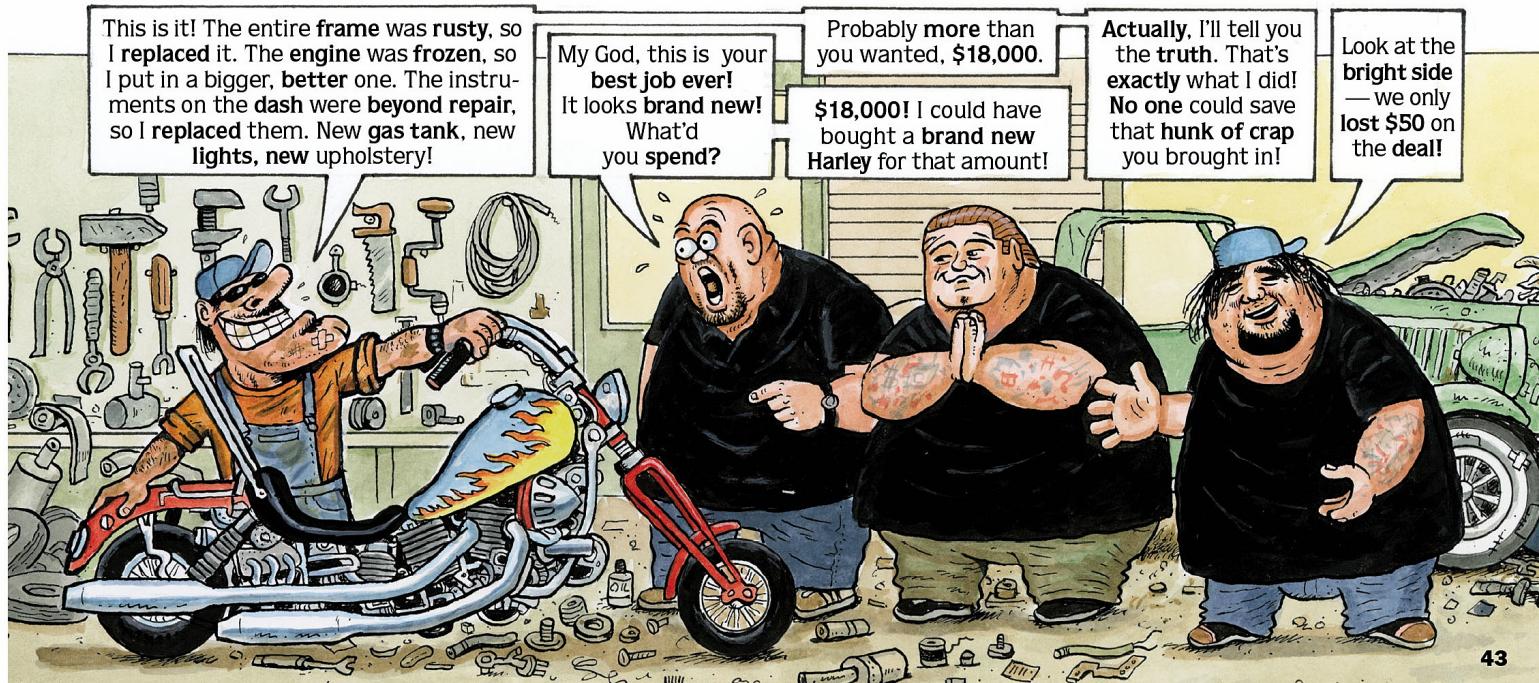
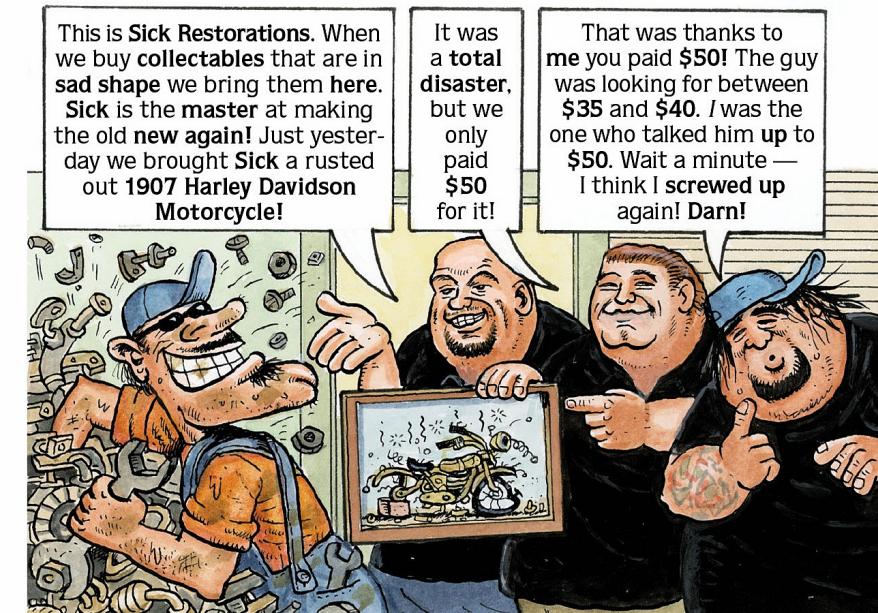


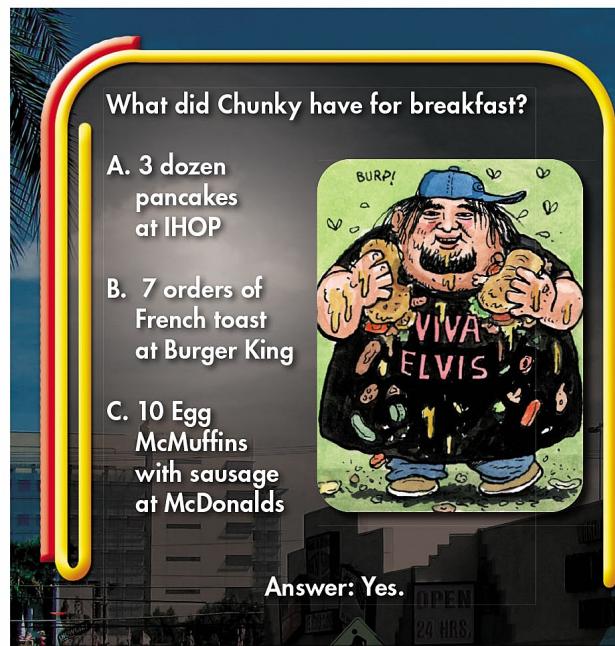
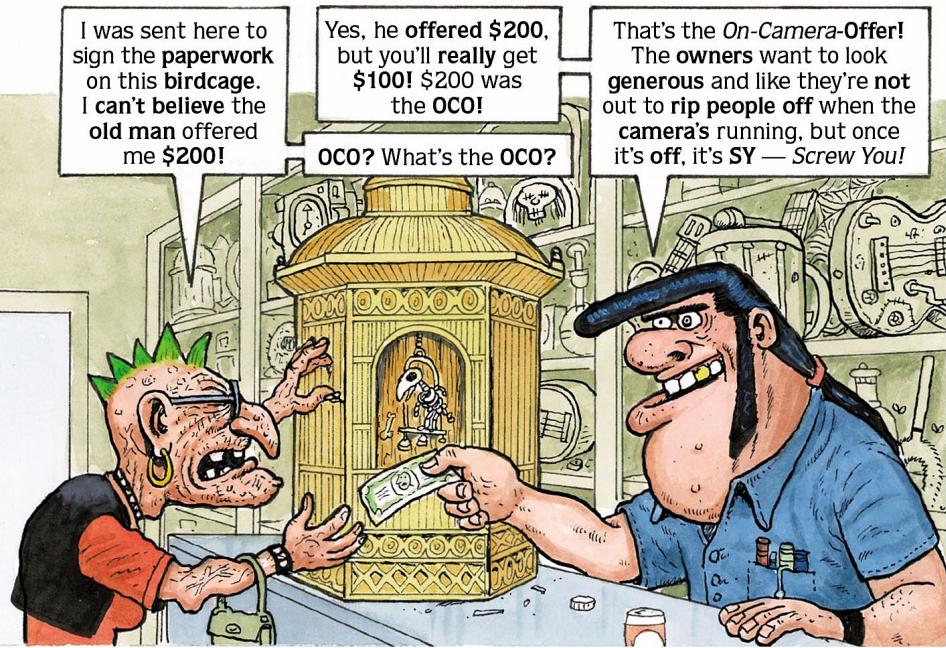
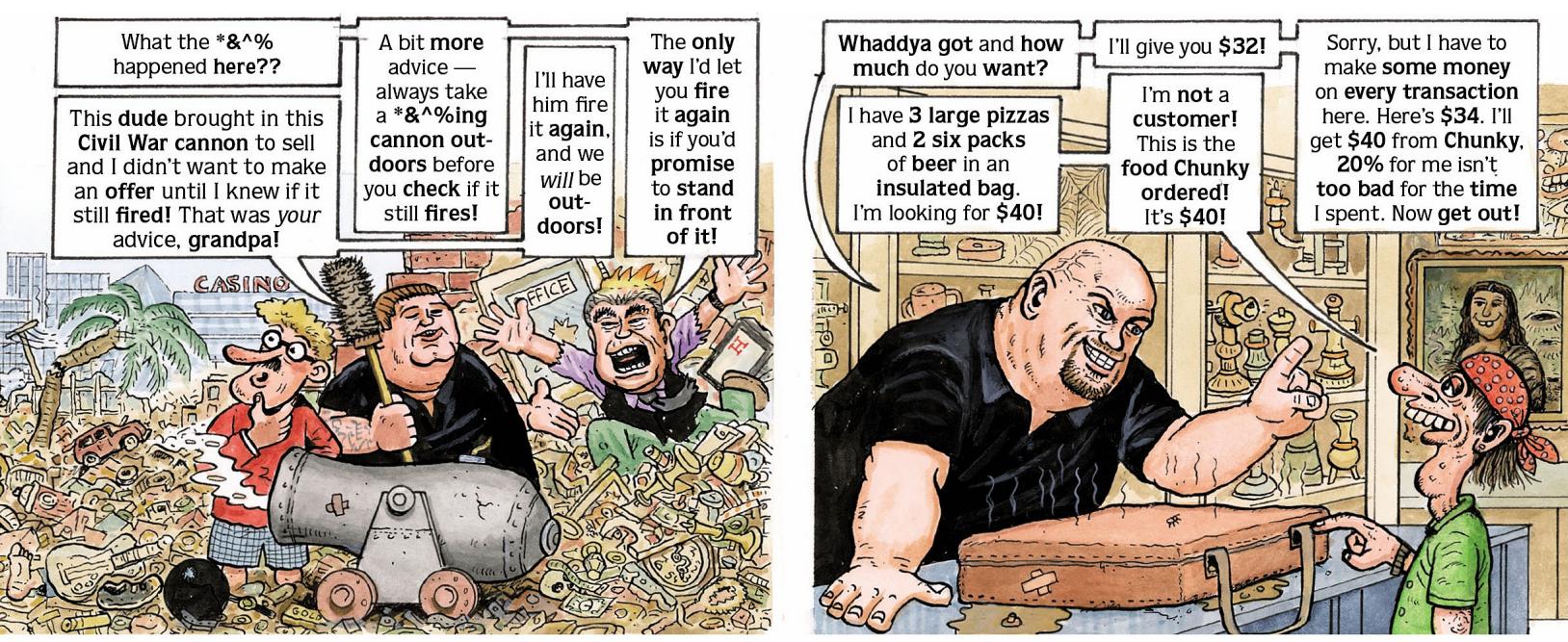


**What's the most important thing Slick considers before making an offer?**

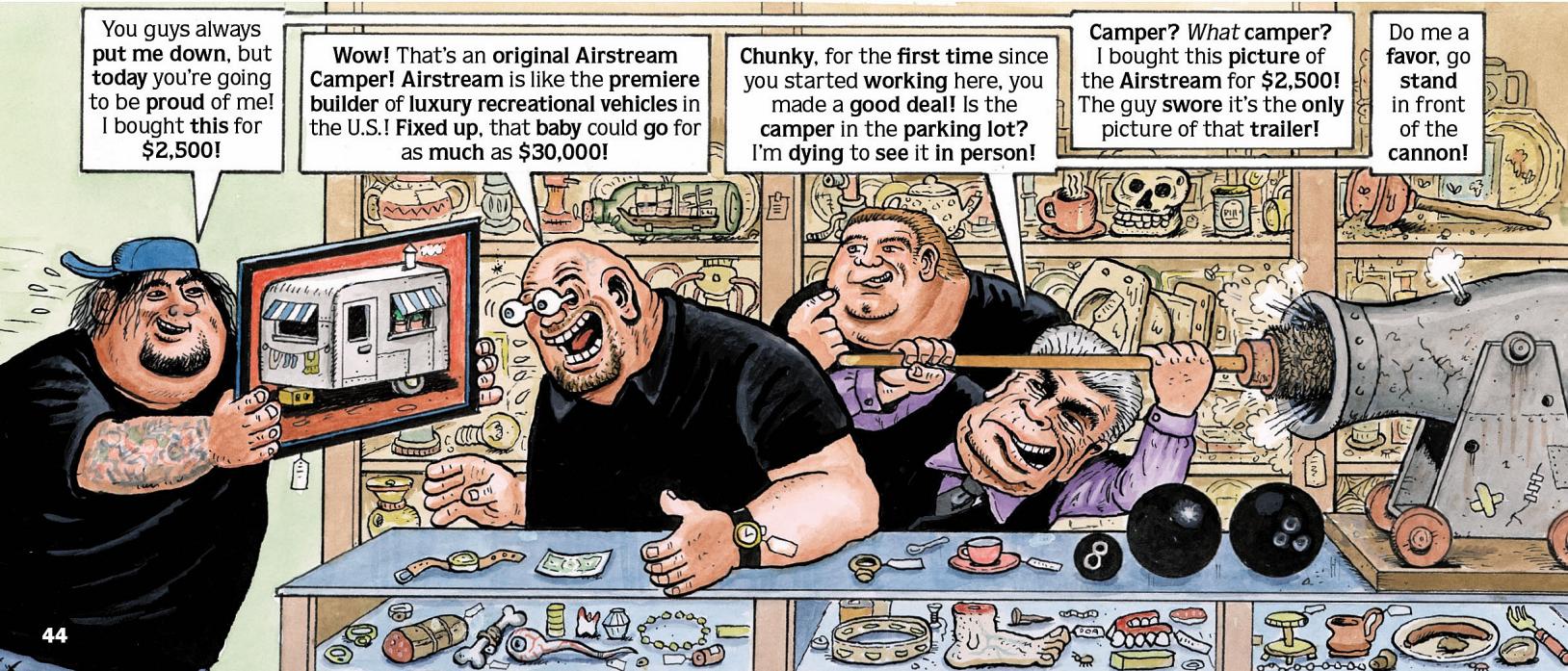
- A. How good it looks on camera.
- B. How much he can B.S. about the item.
- C. How likely Chunky is to make a stupid comment about it?

**Answer:**  
**D: How stupid Chunky will look playing with it on camera.**





ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #510, AUG 2011





TWO SIDES OF THE CON DEPT.



Have you ever wondered why some poor shlub who tries to declare his 40-inch TV as a business expense ends up arguing with his cellmate over who gets to be the wife, while billion-dollar companies like U.S. Steel and Exxon get their tax refunds personally hand-delivered by the Secretary of the Treasury? Well, have you? Nah—knowing you, you're way too busy wondering what Darkwing Duck looks like naked! So we'll let you enjoy your own private mind-pluck, while you completely ignore...

# YOU'RE A CROOK



WRITER DESMOND DEVLIN  
ARTIST GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

# YOU'RE A BUSINESSMAN

# CROOK CROOK CROOK CROOK

If you intimidate store owners into paying protection money with the threat that if they don't cough it up they just might lose everything  
-You're A Crook



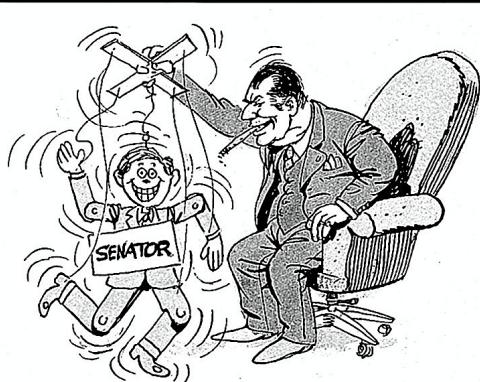
But if you happen to own a sports team, and treat an entire city the same way  
-You're A Businessman

If you insist on an extra 25% charge for making sure that "nothing gets broke or lost"  
-You're A Crook



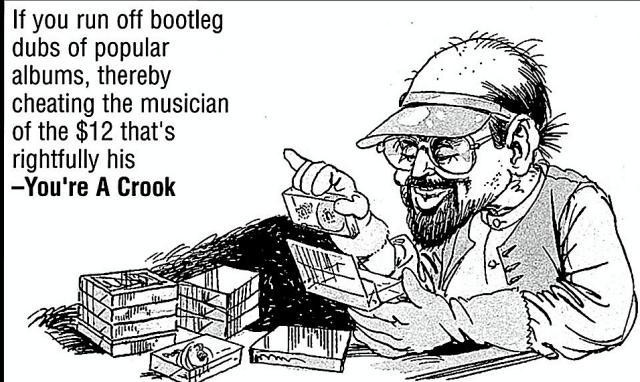
But if you impose the same fee for handing out concert tickets that a machine just spit out  
-You're A Businessman

If you hire thugs and goons to bust a union  
-You're A Crook



But if you hire Congressmen to do it  
-You're A Businessman

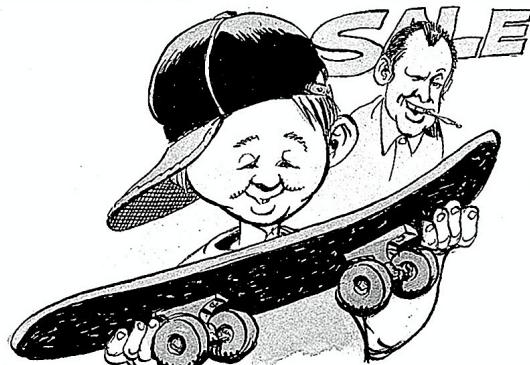
If you run off bootleg dubs of popular albums, thereby cheating the musician of the \$12 that's rightfully his  
-You're A Crook



But if your attorneys dream up a contract that pays the same musician about \$12 for every million albums he sells  
-You're A Businessman

# CROOK CROOK CROOK CROOK

If you break thumbs and crack kneecaps to make a buck  
– You're A Crook



But if you sell a skateboard or rollerblades to every putz who comes into your store, so he can go out and do the job himself  
– You're A Businessman

If you try to get someone to work for your company at less than the minimum wage  
– You're A Crook



But if you put your company in Ryder vans and move it to a nearby country where you can hire a dozen workers for less than the cost of a can of Pepsi  
– You're A Businessman

If you make cheap video copies of *Die Harder* and *Pulp Fiction* to sell on the corner or at shady street fairs  
– You're A Crook



But if you produce cheap rip-offs of those films to sell in actual video stores  
– You're A Businessman

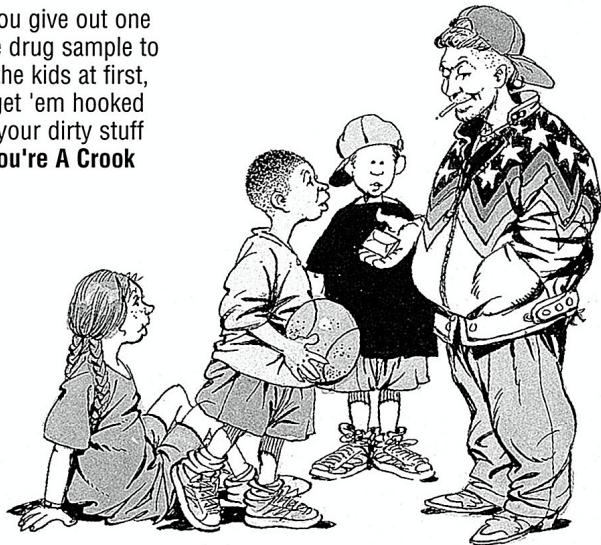
If your business involves loaning people free money, but making them cough up outrageous interest rates if they're even one second late in paying  
– You're A Crook



But if you're the president of Visa, Discover or American Express  
– You're A Businessman

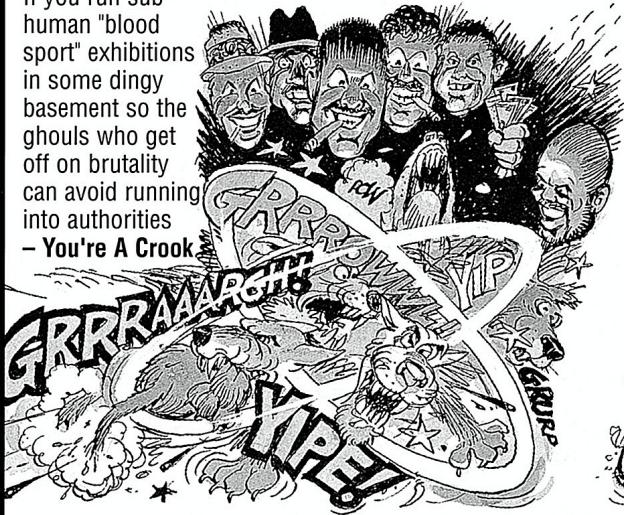
# KCROOKCROOKCROOKCROOK

If you give out one free drug sample to all the kids at first, to get 'em hooked on your dirty stuff  
– You're A Crook



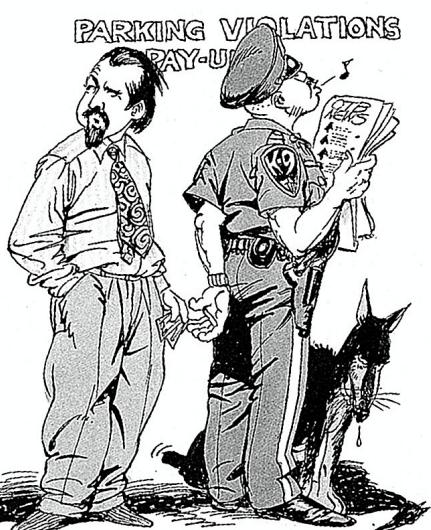
But if you de-scramble the Disney Channel for just one weekend, to get those brats to scream until Mom and Dad pony up the 10 bucks a month  
– You're A Businessman

If you run sub-human "blood sport" exhibitions in some dingy basement so the ghouls who get off on brutality can avoid running into authorities  
– You're A Crook



But if you call the whole thing the "Ultimate" something-or-other and put it on pay-per-view  
– You're A Businessman

If you slip a few dollars to the right people to make sure nobody gets too interested in those unpaid parking tickets  
– You're A Crook

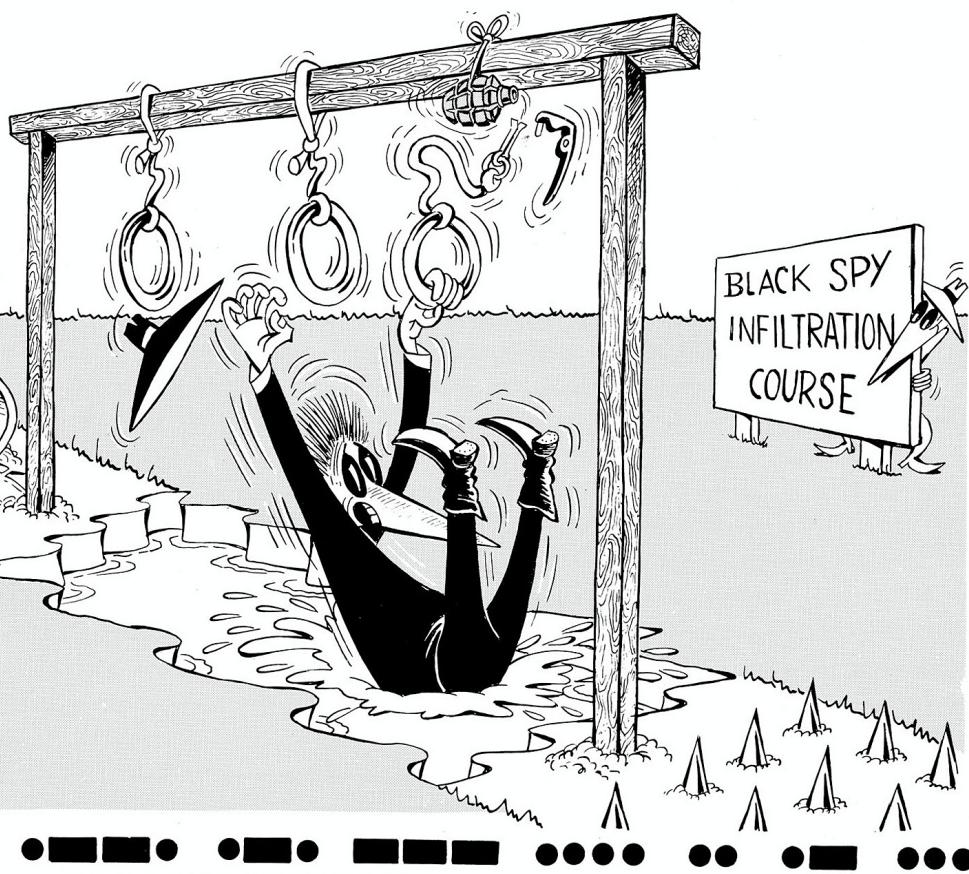


But if you slip a few million dollars to the people who can make sure nobody sees those pesky research papers that show how your cigarettes cause cancer  
– You're A Businessman

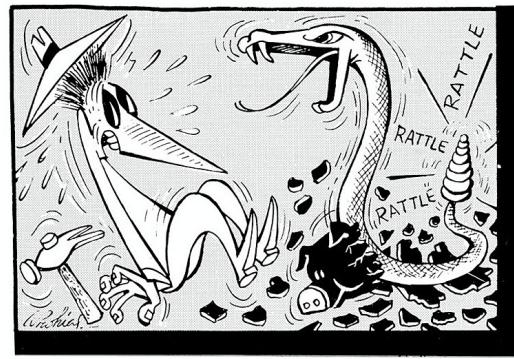
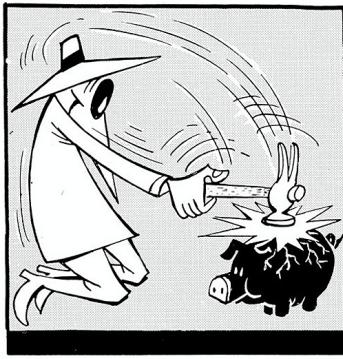
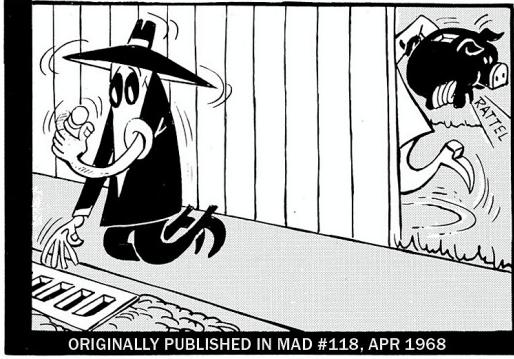
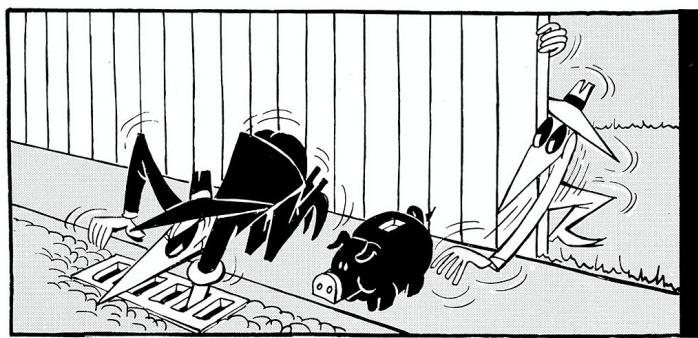
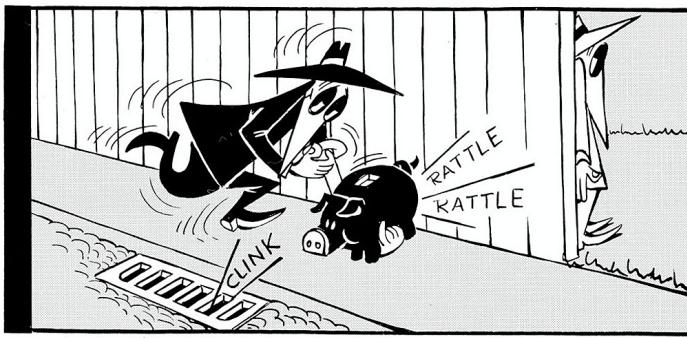
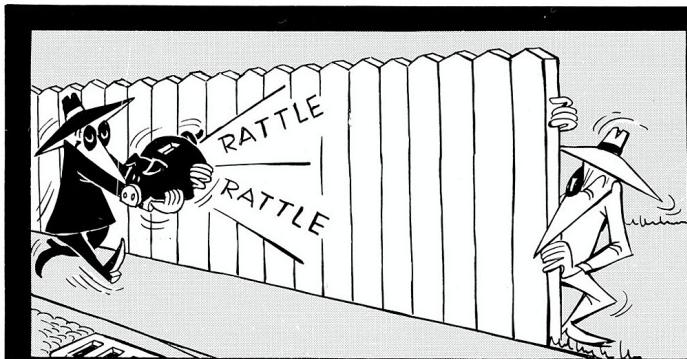


JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.

SPY  
VS  
SPY



WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS



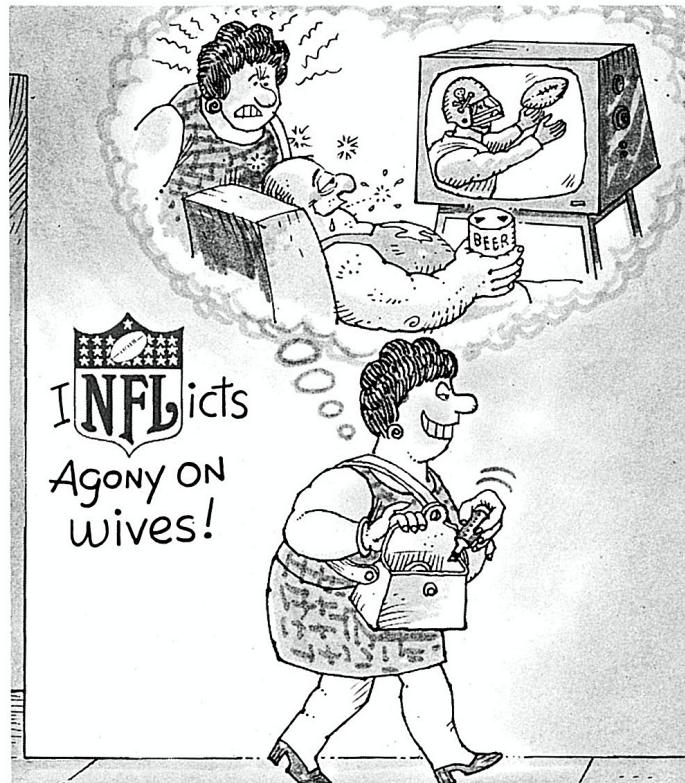
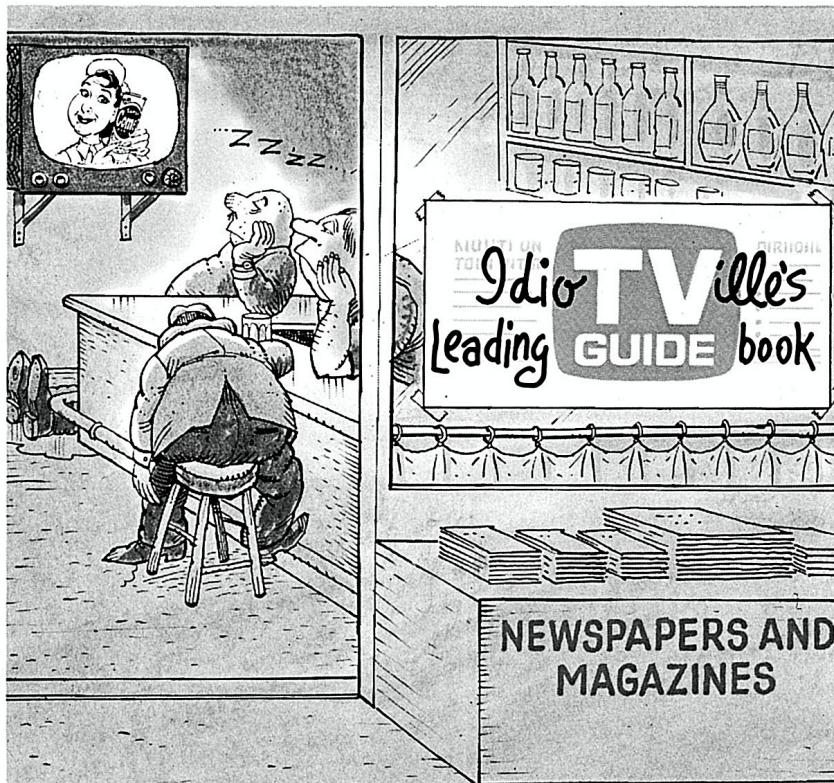
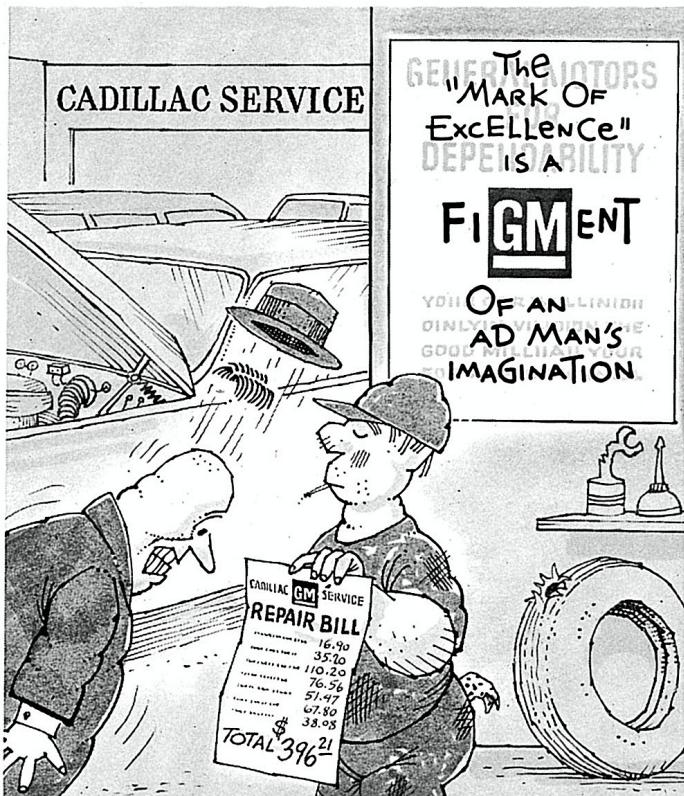
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #118, APR 1968



ADD-VERTISING DEPT.

Spray cans and magic markers are changing the face of America. Every day, new bits of irreverence shudder to think what might happen if those graffiti rascals ever started attacking that holy of

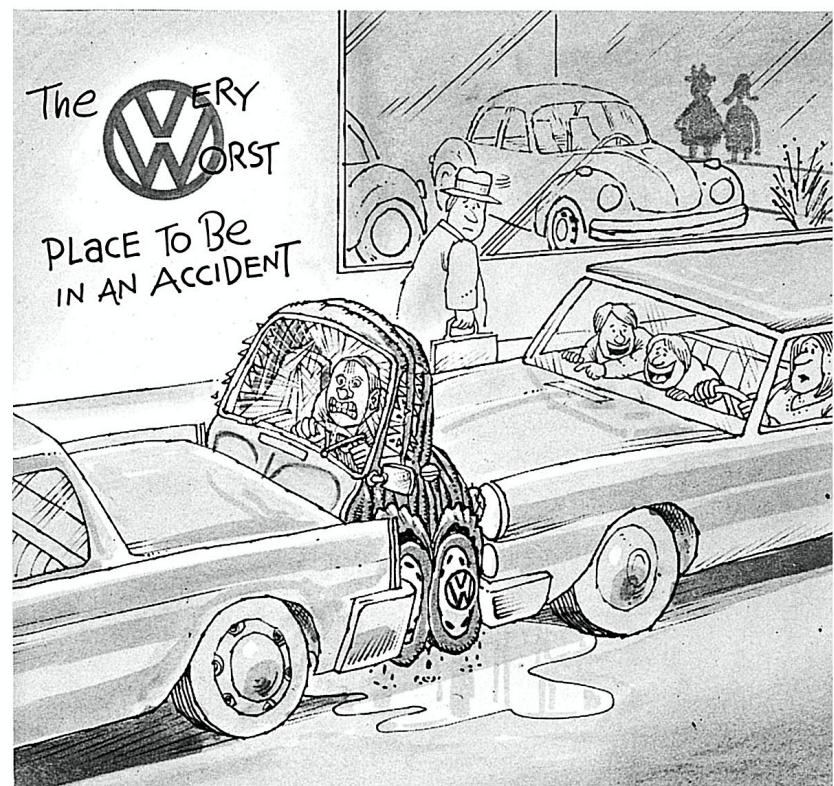
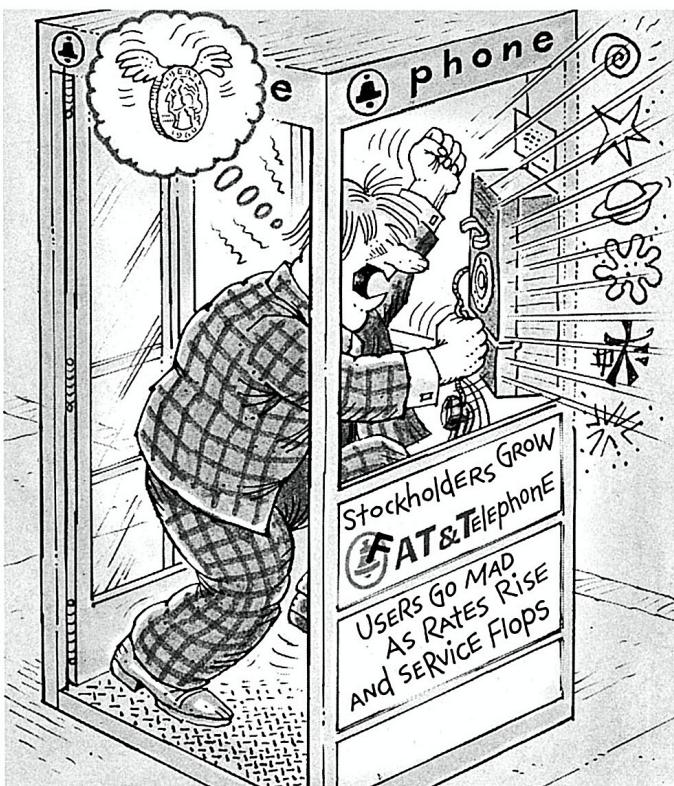
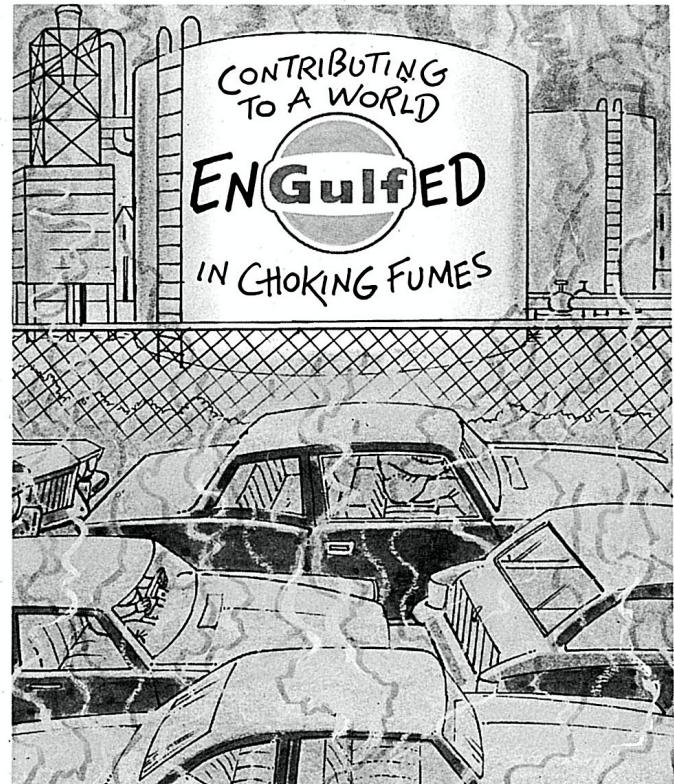
# TRADEMARK

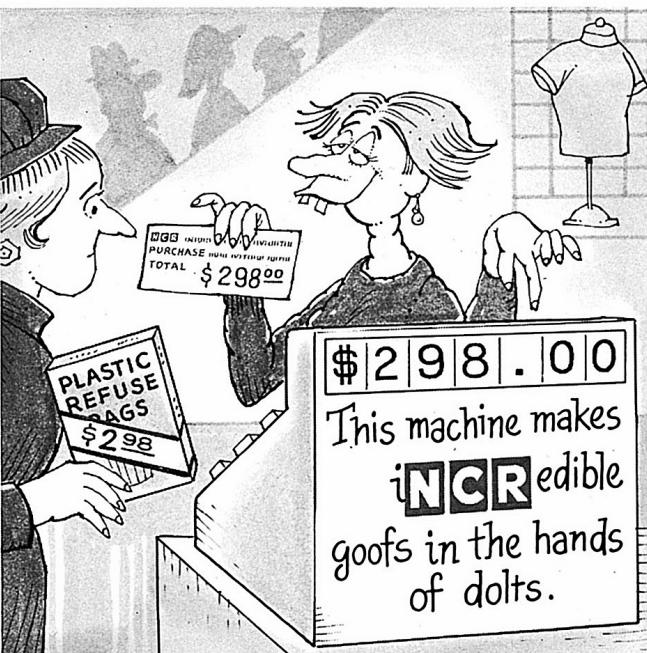
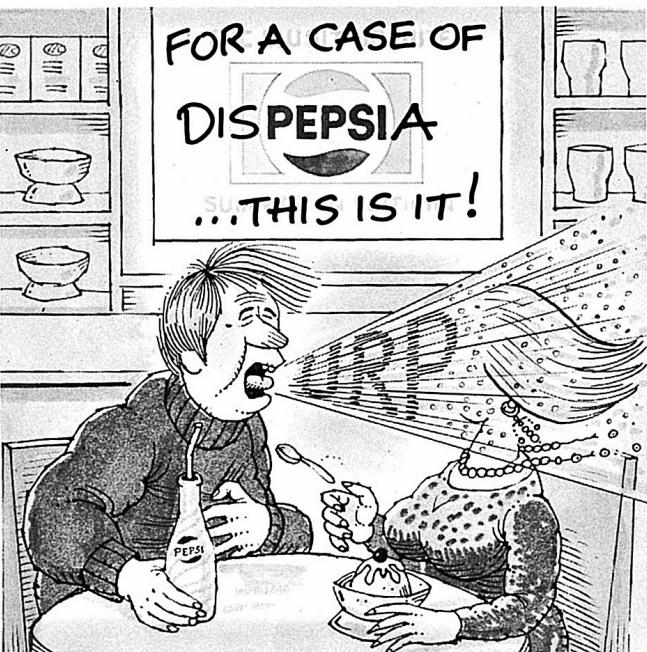
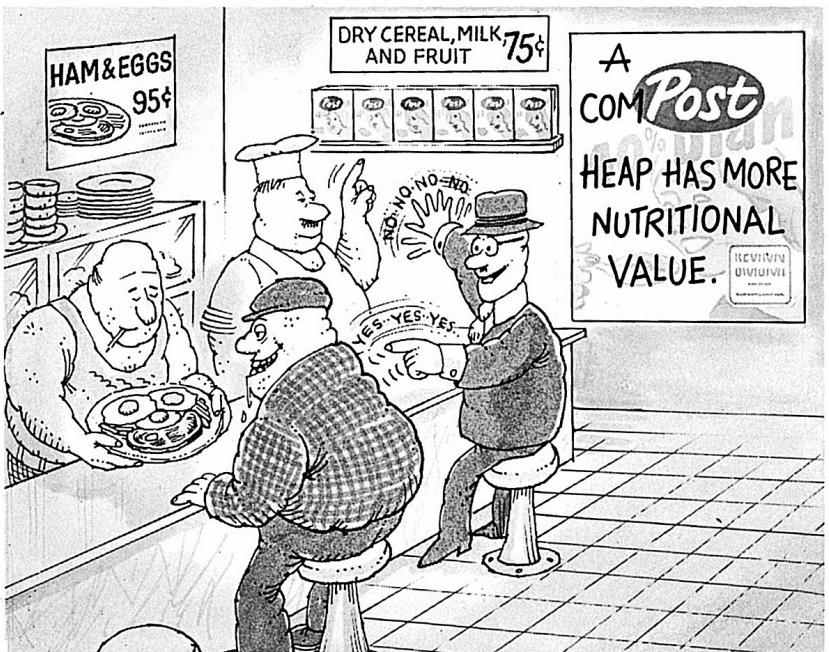


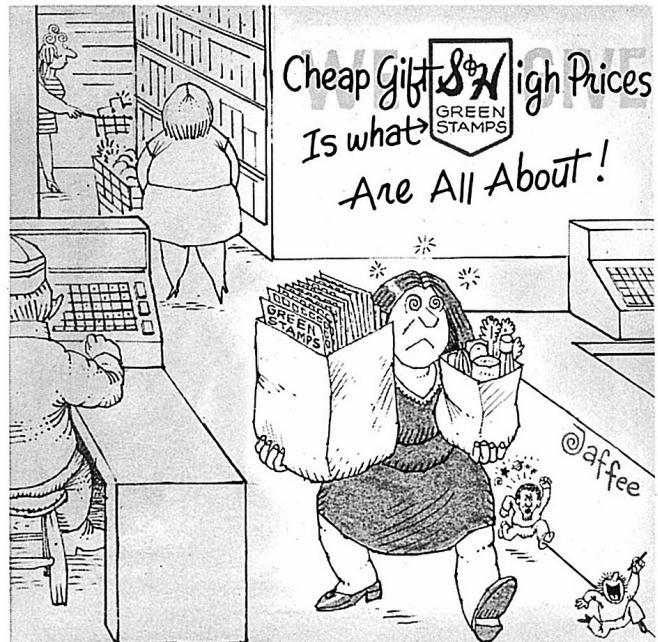
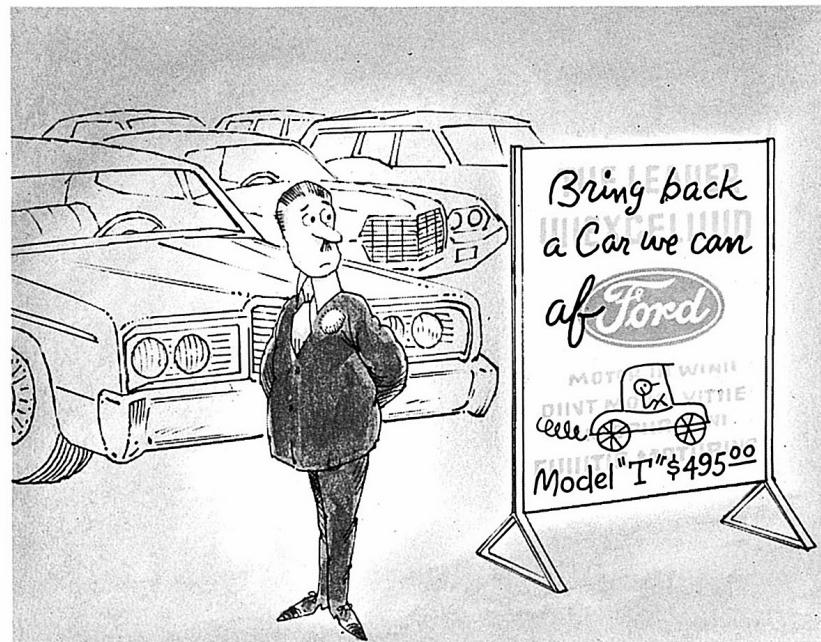
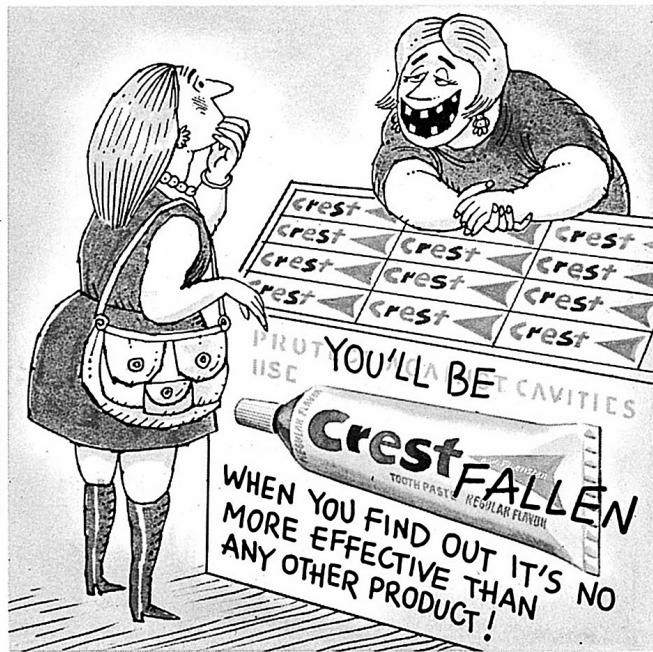
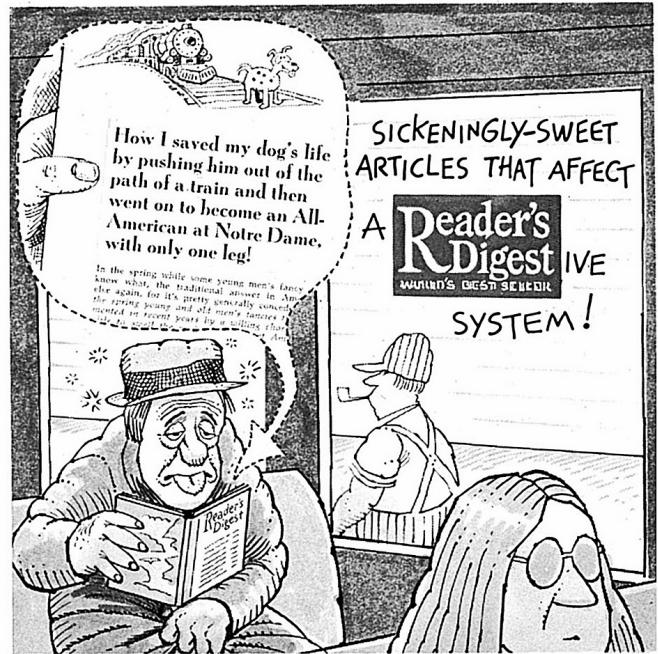
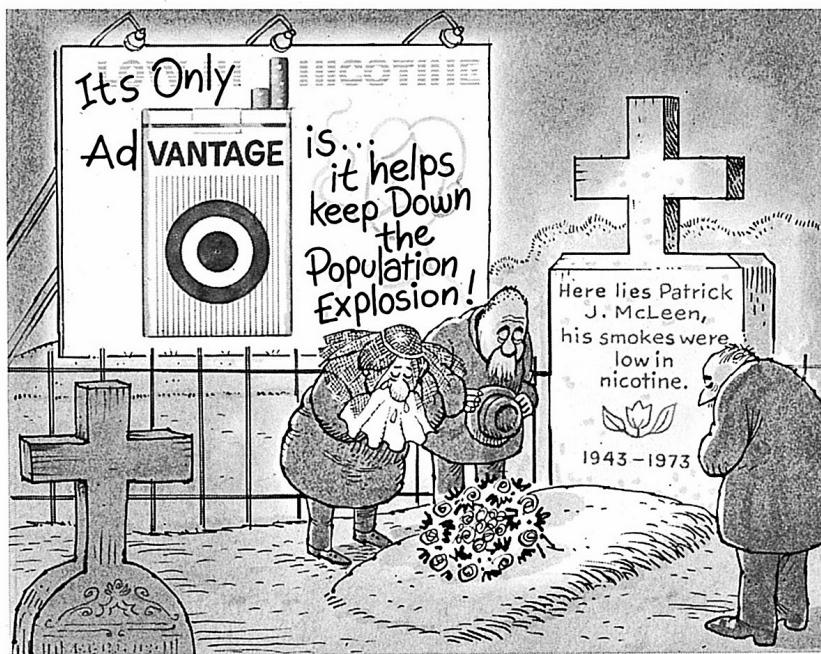
are added to trains, buses, buildings, billboards and any other available surface. We at MAD hollies, the corporate signature. Here are some of the horrors (heh-heh!) that could occur with...

# GRAFFITO

WRITER & ARTIST  
AL JAFFEE



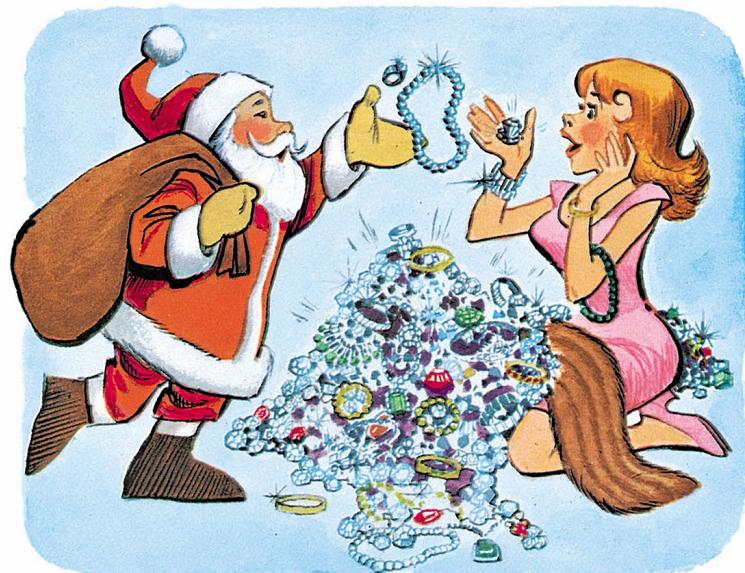






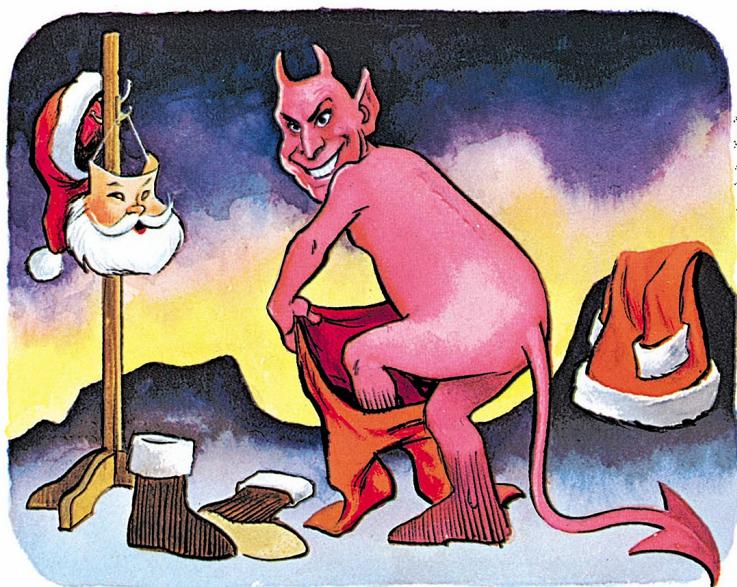
ANTICHRIST ANAGRAM DEPT.

# CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



WRITER AL JAFFEE

ARTIST BOB CLARKE



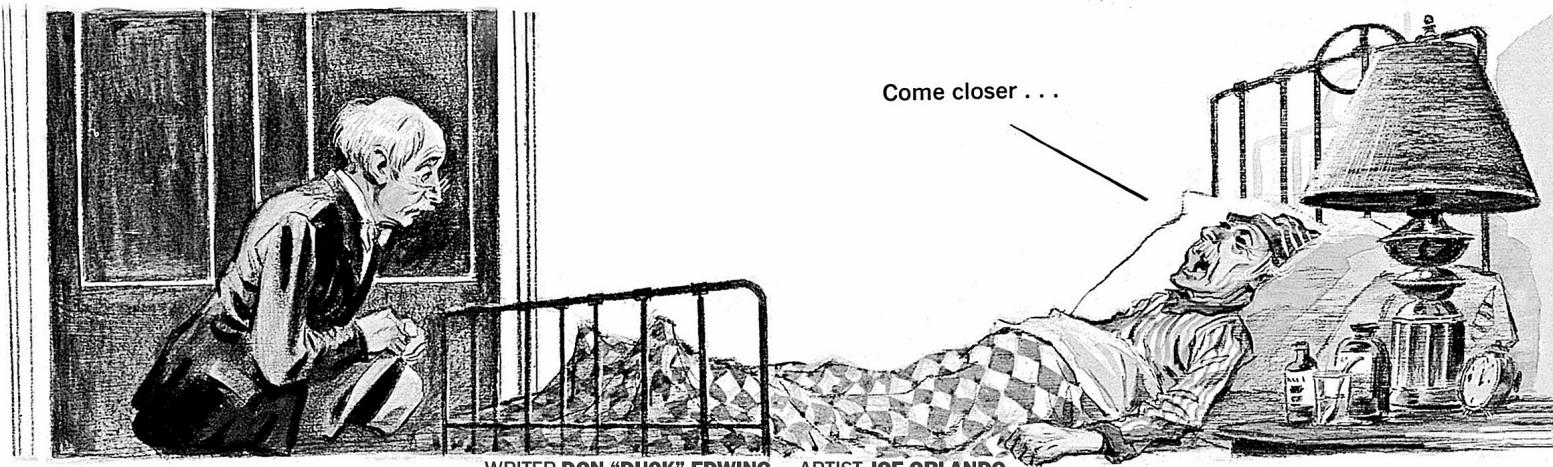
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #156, JAN 1973



TOUCH-AND-GO DEPT.



# THE PARTING SHOT



WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING

ARTIST JOE ORLANDO



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #75, DEC 1962



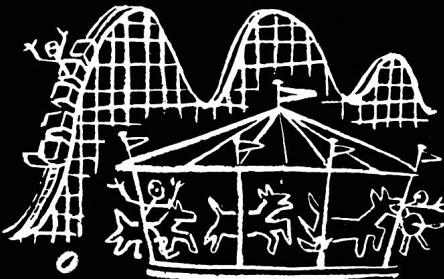


MAD'S MAD MATHEMATICS DEPT.

IF YOU INSIST UPON BEING SICK TO YOUR STOMACH...



SLOBBY BOBBY HAD \$2.00!



HE SPENT HIS \$2.00 ON AMUSEMENT PARK RIDES!



SLOBBY BOBBY GOT SICK TO HIS STOMACH!



SILLY TILLIE HAD \$2.00!



SHE SPENT HER \$2.00 ON ICE CREAM, CANDY, AND SODA!



SILLY TILLIE GOT SICK TO HER STOMACH!



SMARTY MARTY HAD \$2.00!



HE SPENT HIS \$2.00 ON A SUBSCRIPTION TO MAD!



SMARTY MARTY GOT SICK TO HIS STOMACH 9 TIMES!

...BE SURE TO GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH!

WRITER HARVEY KURTZMAN ARTIST AL FELDSTEIN



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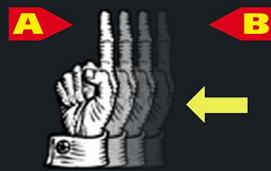
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WHAT WORLD  
HEAVYWEIGHT  
HAS RECENTLY  
TAKEN A DIVE?

## HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW **MAD FOLD-IN**

When formidable contenders take a beating, they can lose their sense of self-worth. While in a downward spiral, the prospect of short-term gains can cloud their judgement, prompting rash decisions. To see the renowned heavyweight in question, fold in page as shown on right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



THE ALL-OR-NOTHING STAKES OF CONTACT SPORTS CAN DRIVE MIGHTY CHAMPS TO RUIN—TEMPTATION CAN TURN THEM INTO TOY DOLLS USED BY BAD ACTORS FOR FINANCIAL GAIN. AS VULGAR AS THE IDEA MAY BE, IT IS SADLY A COMMON PRACTICE.

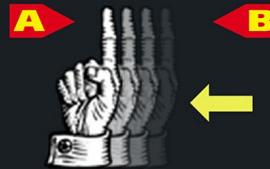


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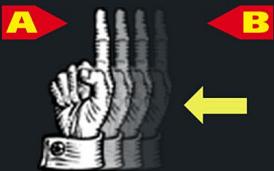
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Sampson

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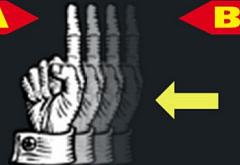
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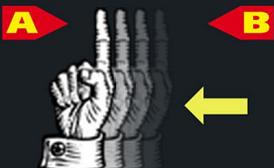
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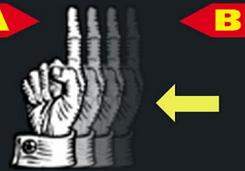
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HAS RECENTLY  
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When formidable contestants take a beating, they can lose their sense of self-worth. While no dogmatic moral prospect of inherent determinism can cloud their judgment, nothing beats decisions to sue when

**SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD**



**A**

**B**



**THE ALL-OR-NOTHING STATES OF CONTACT SPORTS CAN DRIVE CHAMPS TO RUIN—EMPIRATION CAN TURN THEM INTO TOY DOLLS USED BY BAD ACTORS FOR FINANCIAL GAIN, AS VULGAR AS THE IDEA MAY BE; IT IS SADLY A COMMON PRACTICE.**

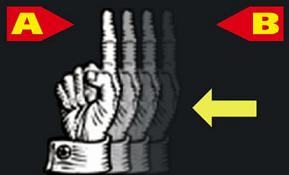
WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

**A**

**B**

**WHAT WORLD  
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**SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD**



**A < B**



**THE ALL-MIGHTY**

**DOLLAR**

**A < B**



PHOTO BY LESTER KRAUSS WHO KEEPS HIS MONEY IN HIS SHOES

## Bootyrest...for the Money that Can Buy Happiness

Good night, sweet principal!

Here's a thought to sleep on: Why toss when the economy turns? Now you can provide yourself with a soft cushion for those hard times that may lie ahead.

When you sleep on a Bootyrest "Night Depository," you rest insured. Because your security rests with you. Just open the convenient side zipper, stuff in your hard-earned

cash, and sleep tight. Enjoy peace-of-mind over mattress.

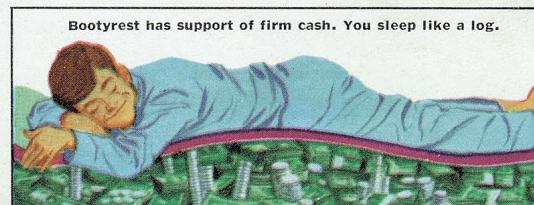
Then, if the stock market collapses or business sags, you won't lie awake nights. You'll doze off peacefully — counting that extra support you've got in your Bootyrest.

It's much better than counting sheep!

Buy a Bootyrest "Night Depository" and start hoarding today. It's the mattress with the money-back guarantee!



Ordinary mattress sags as economy sags. You toss and turn.



Bootyrest has support of firm cash. You sleep like a log.

ORIGINAL PUBLISHED IN MAD #75, DEC 1962

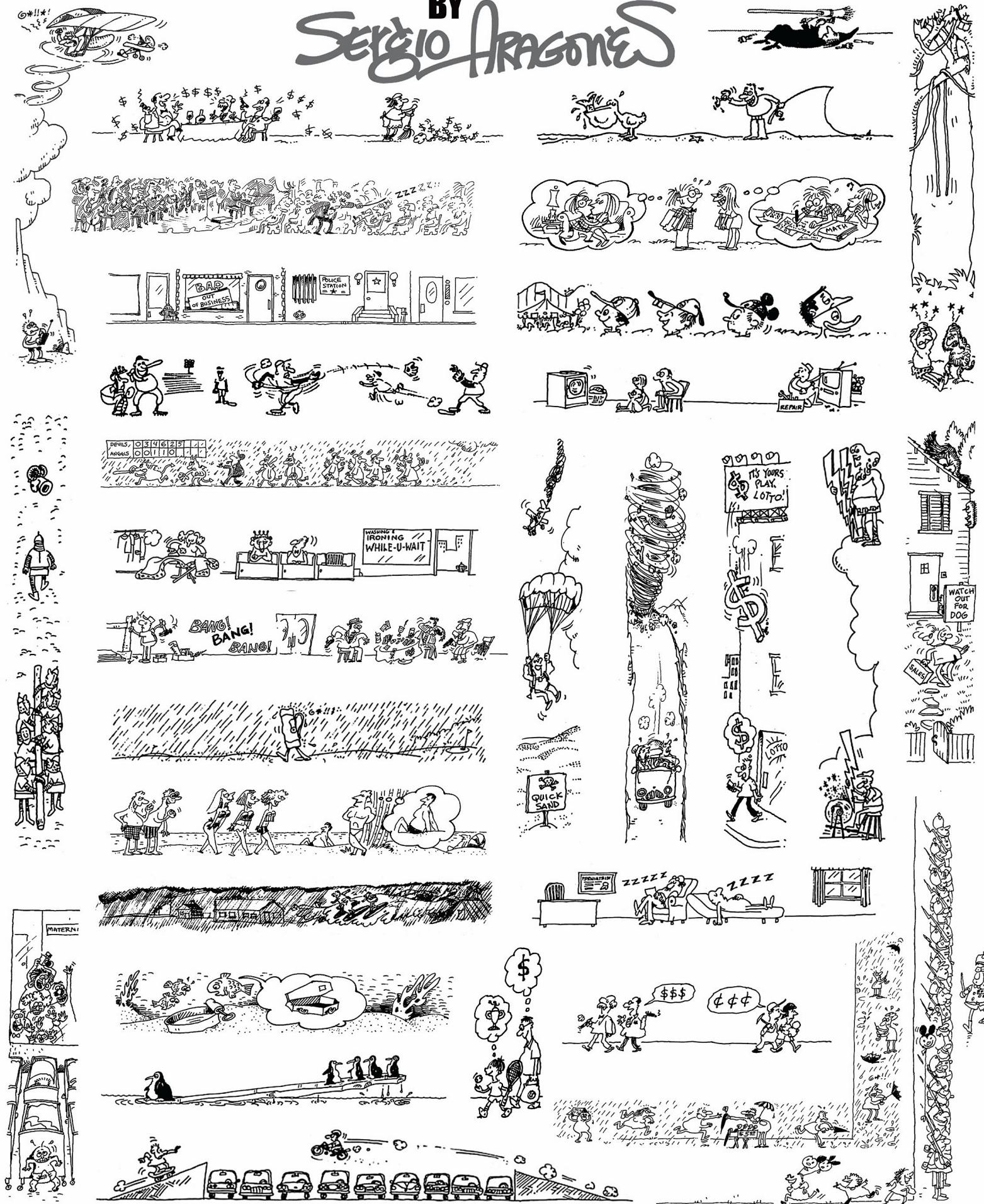
**BOOTYREST**  
by ZIPPIN\$  
THE MATTRESS WITH  
THE SAVING GRACE  
A MAD AD PARODY



# DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY

Sergio Aragones



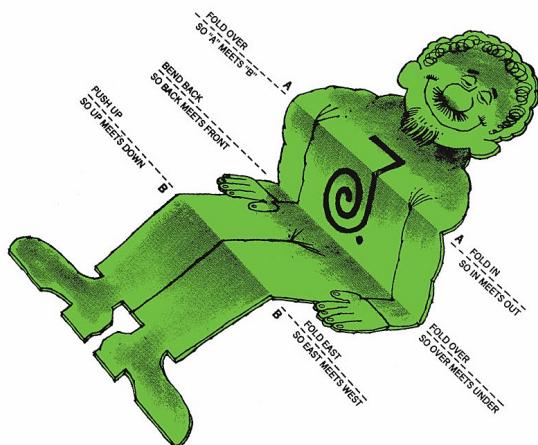
# MAD

DIGITAL EDITION  
**BONUS MATERIAL!**

Admit your own gluttony and pig out on another TV parody with “Storage Boors.” From MAD #522, September 2015.



MAD's Al Jaffee coaches the jock kids with an insightful life lesson about becoming professional athletes. Published in #208, July 1979.





## THE LOCKED MESS MONSTERS DEPT.

When storage units are abandoned because renters fall behind in their payments, rats invade the lockers. No, not the rodents! They're nice compared to creepy, slimy, bidding...

All our "star" bidders are here, ready to make money off the misfortunes of others. Locker renters lose their belongings when they fall on hard times and can't make payments, but our bidders are here to make their despair FUN! Each star bidder has his or her own special personality...actually, none of them has any personality at all, but our producers invented "personalities" for each of them. With that in mind, introduce yourselves!

# STORAGE

I'm Grave Fester. I come to every auction with a lot of bucks to spend and a lot of contempt for my fellow bidders. I occasionally bid on stuff to buy, but mainly I bid to screw my fellow buyers by driving the prices up. Even if I go home without winning one bid, I have the satisfaction of knowing I made a lot of people miserable. And you can't put a price on that!



I'm Jerk-Rod Shucks and I'm kind of new to the game of bidding on abandoned property in lockers. My wife says I bid recklessly and waste money on total crap. She claims I don't have a plan. She's wrong! It just so happens my plan is to bid recklessly and waste money on total crap. So far, I've been hugely successful! We're almost broke, but we have a store that's full floor-to-ceiling with worthless crap!

I'm Blandi, Jerk-Rod's wife. When we come home from an auction where we had a fight, which is every auction, I can't stand to be in the same bed with him. So I make him sleep on the couch. He doesn't think it's much of a punishment because he's bought 47 couches over the years. Oops! Actually, 49. I forgot he bought two more couches today!

# BOOBERS

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

ARTIST: TOM BUNK

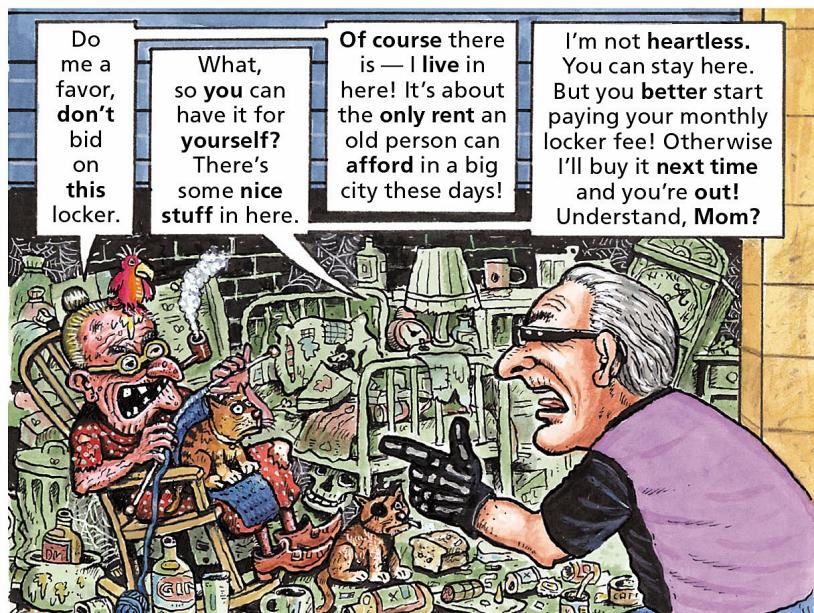
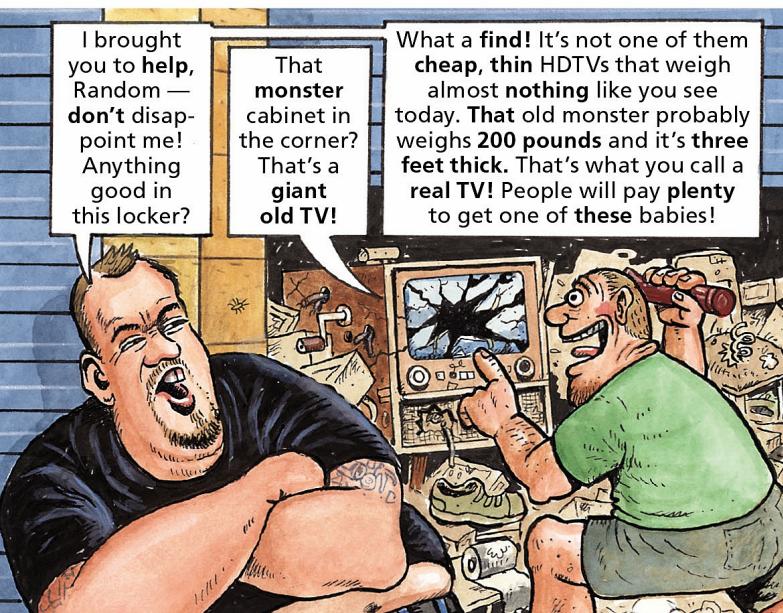
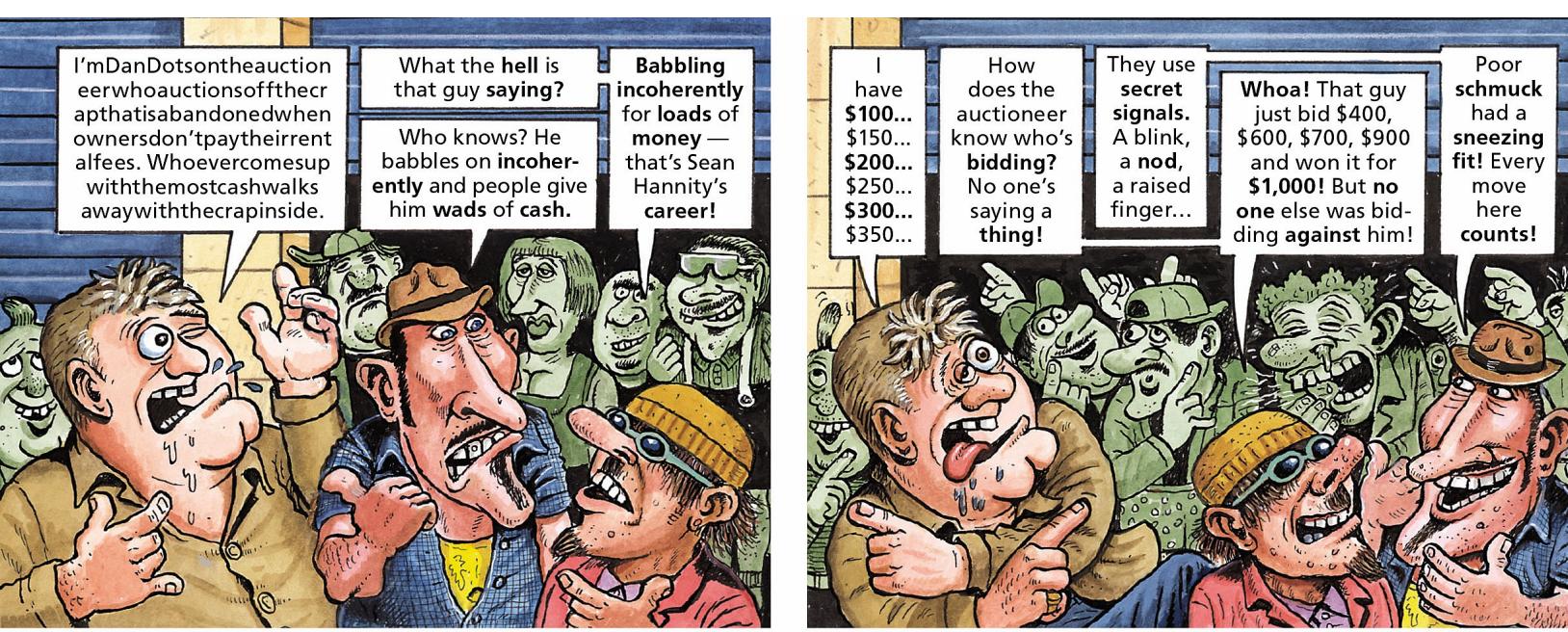
I'm Barrel Schlitz and I've been hooked on storage auctions since I found four authentic Matisse paintings at one 20 years ago. They were the ugliest \*&^%ing paintings you ever saw so I threw them out, but I got \$300 for each of the frames! I made \$1,200 and I only paid \$700 for the locker. So as you can see, I know what I'm doing!

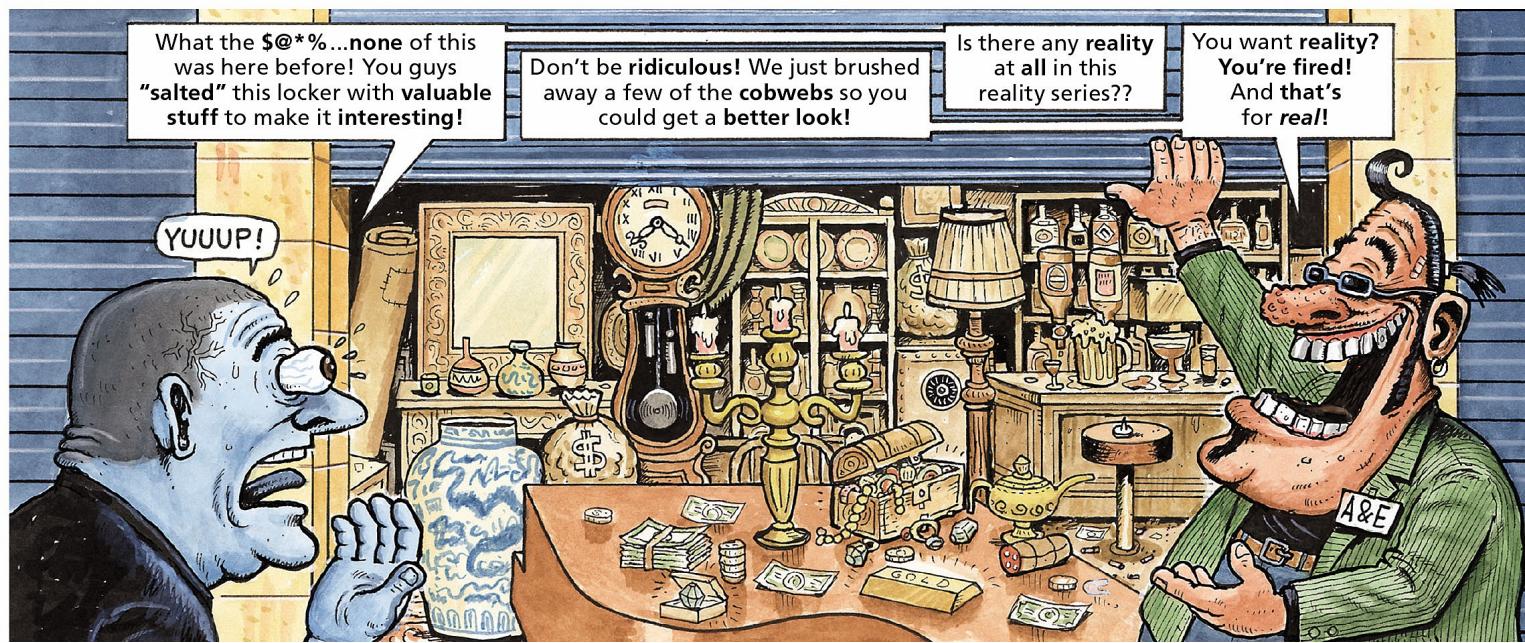
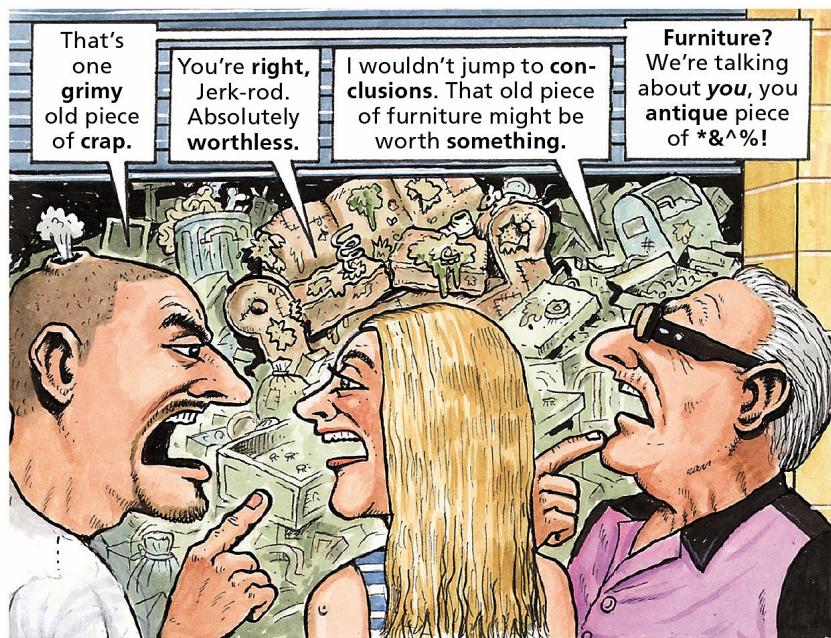
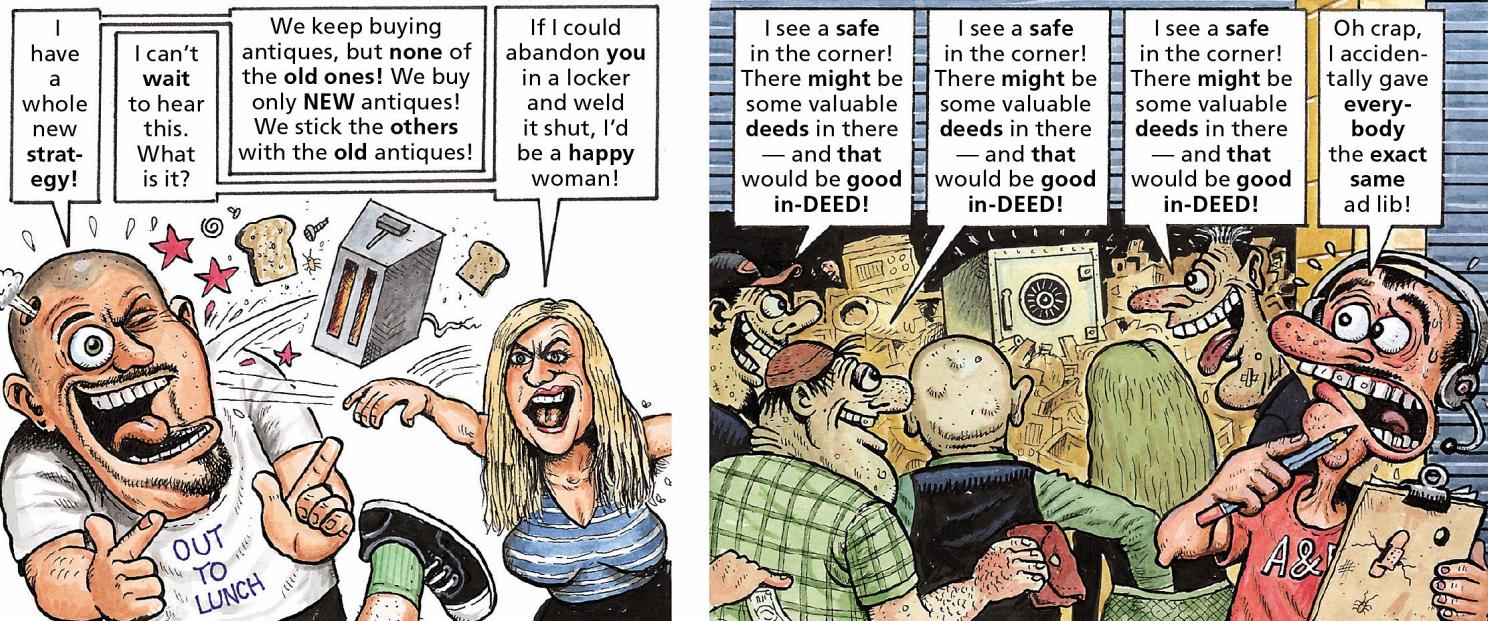
I'm Random, Barrel's son. On this show we're portrayed as lowlife, bottom-feeding scavengers, but guess what? This is A&E — home to shows like *Duck Dynasty* and *Dog the Bounty Hunter*! Other networks can go after the well-educated, 18-to-25-year-old viewer. Couch potatoes who adore lowlife, bottom-feeding scavengers are exactly the demographic this network is after!



I'm Barely Wise, a laid-back, know-it-all collector. I'm also a show-off. To make sure all eyes are on me when I pull into an auction, I always show up in something weird. It could be a racecar, a scooter or even an antique car. I spent the most money ever today to make a grand entrance. I came here in a yacht! The reason it was so expensive is that we're 20 miles from any body of water! Do you know how much it costs to dig a 20-mile-long inlet?!!

Listen up, bidders! These are the rules: when we open an abandoned locker, you have five minutes to look inside. But you can take all the time you need to belittle and berate your fellow bidders. And you should do that, because that's pretty much the only thing that adds a bit of entertainment to this dreary show!





So you're a toy expert?

Yep, that's what the producers told me I was. And I have plenty of experience. I got into toys at a very young age. Even as a child I had them!



This game you brought in is a very unique find.

Sounds like I have a *Monopoly* on getting a big payout!

It's very rare to come across a *Monopoly* set where all the money, all the playing pieces, the dice and all the Community Chest cards are missing. And the playing board is ripped in half, BUT you have both halves, which is a good thing. I'll venture to say...a collector with really poor eyesight, who was dead drunk and expecting to be reimbursed by the show, might give you \$250 for this!

Great news! We also found a rifle, so we'll be back later when you'll be a gun expert...



You would think I'd look like a real jerk spending \$1,200 to buy this locker full of crap! But there's a neat little "save face" gimmick the producers gave us. We go through the crap and put our own price on it! Then, with no questions asked, that value shows up on the screen like it was really worth that much!

Let me show you how it works. One old shoe — I can get at least \$100 for that. Here's another old shoe; now I have a pair worth \$400. A torn newspaper from two years ago, that's a good \$50! Used toothbrushes — wow — there's a huge market for them...four of them at \$75 each, that's \$300! This upright piano just needs a keyboard, and all the hammers and \*%^&% that are supposed to make the music. I can get \$1,000 for this. So I "made" \$600 on this locker! Unless, of course, you have half a brain and can figure out what a joke this part of the show is!



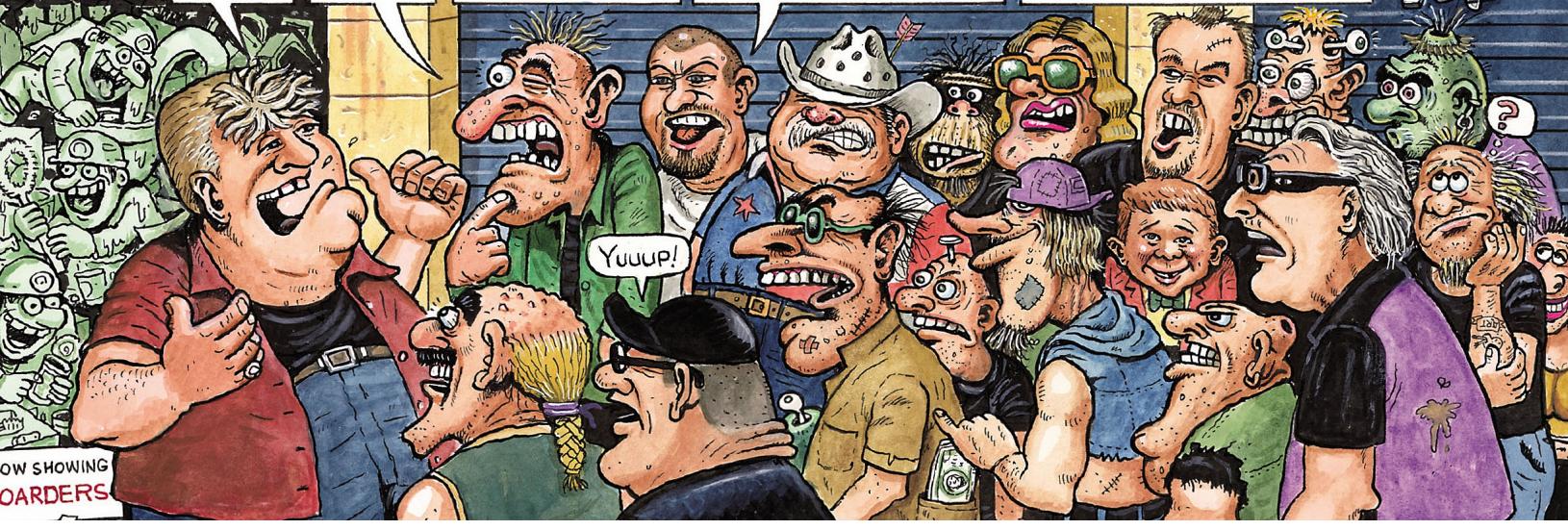
Sorry, everyone, today's auction is cancelled!

WHAT?!?!

Someone got here an hour ago and said they'd buy every locker for top dollar, sight unseen!

But most of these lockers are packed top to bottom with worthless garbage! What idiot would buy them all?

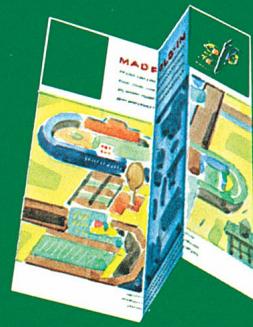
I don't know, he just said he was the producer for a show called *Hoarders*! Maybe the producers of that show need to salt the places they're shooting, too!



**WHAT  
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PROFESSIONAL  
SPORTS  
TEACH OUR  
CHILDREN?**

**HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS  
MAD FOLD-IN**

Hardly anyone today can escape the excitement and impact of the spectacular of professional sports. But our young people are particularly impressed and inspired by the wild goings-on in this great American industry. To find out exactly what the youth of our nation is learning from it, fold in page as shown on right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**OUR MAGNIFICENT SPORTING EVENTS  
GREATLY IMPRESS AND INSPIRE THE DEVOTED  
YOUNG FANS OF ALL FORMS OF SPORTS**

ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

A ▶

◀ B

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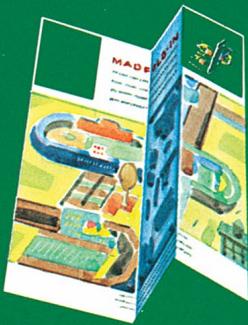
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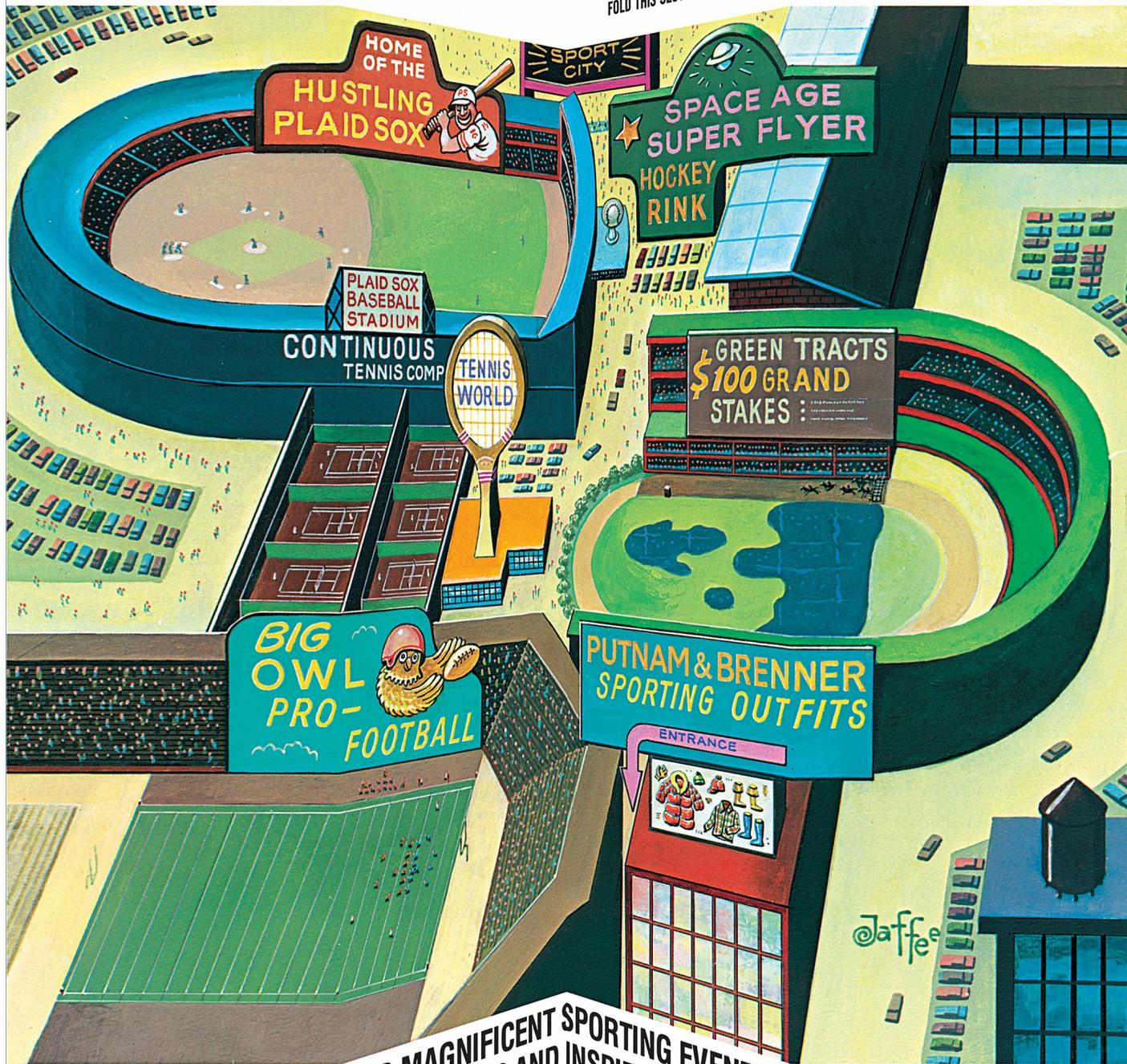


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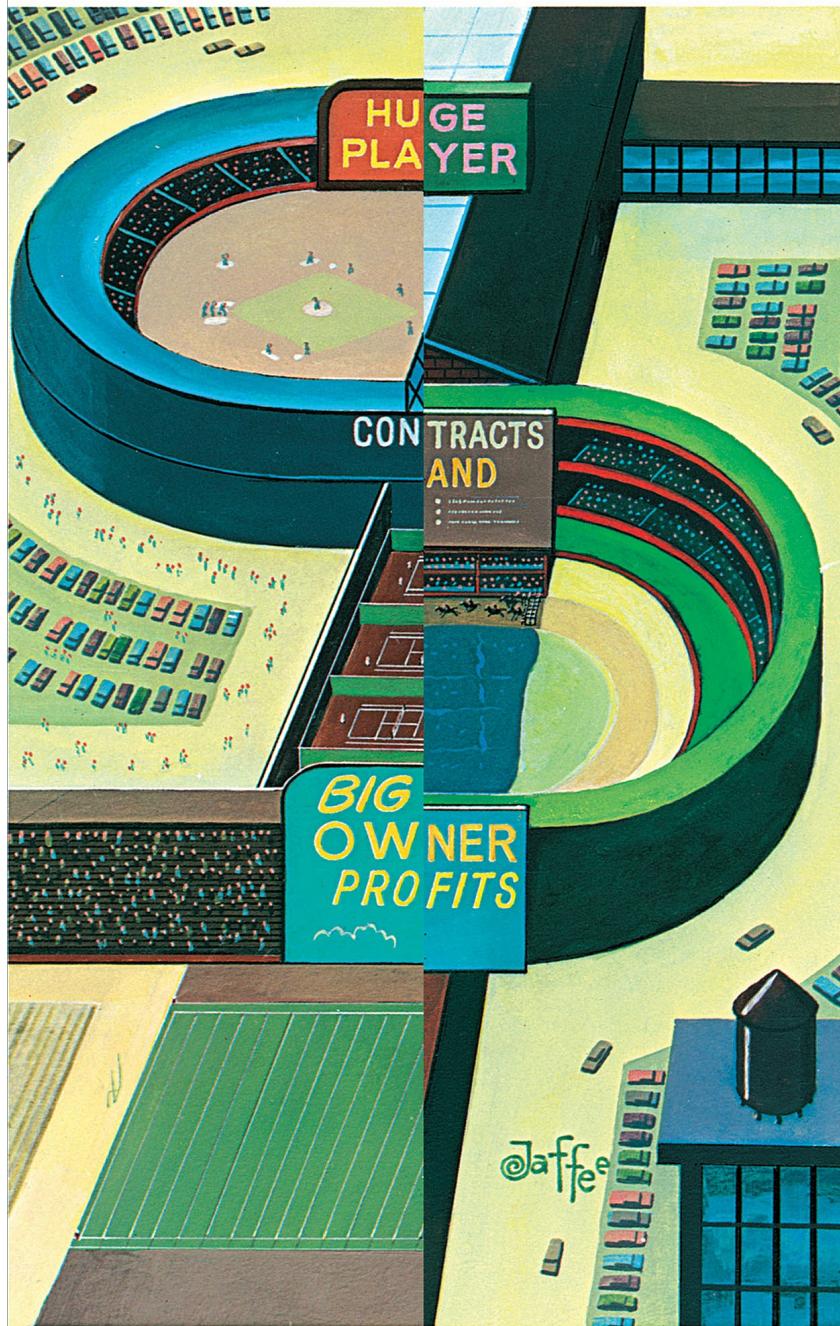
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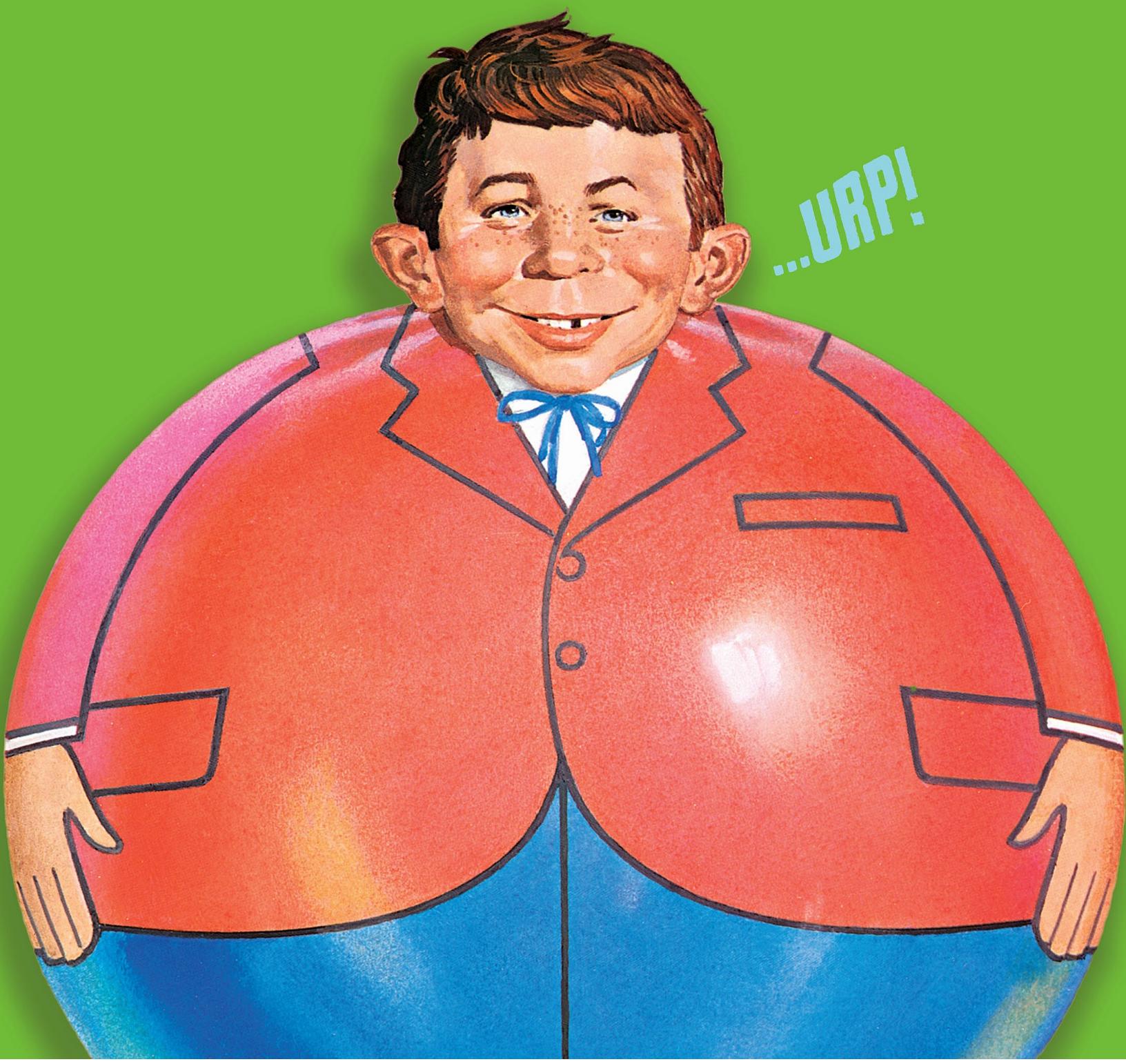


ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

GREED

A ► B

# MAD



# SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...  
THIS MONSTER!"

